The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXVII | NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1921 | NUMBER 348

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The Week

THERE is one simple fact about Russia today before which all other considerations have little meaning: hundreds of thousands of peasants in the middle and lower Volga are wandering away from their parched fields in a hopeless pilgrimage for food, and unless something phenomenally generous is done to help them, for many nothing remains but death. And if for the time being, we forget everything but this fact, we cannot but be glad that Mr. Hoover's answer to Maxim Gorky's appeal opens the way to American help for Russia on a large scale. We are also thankful that the Soviet government does not seem inclined to let slip the possibility of saving thousands for the sake of a few American prisoners, whether they may deserve to be in jail or not. Granted, however that the Soviets are more likely than not to accept Mr. Hoover's conditions, the building up of his organization in Russia would take time, and the famine is already serious. There is one thing that Americans who want to help starving Russians can do immediately: they can send their contributions to the Americans Friends Service Committee (20 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia), and so make use of a genuinely impartial agency which for some time has been distributing food, clothing and medicines in the heart of Soviet Russia.

THE largest skeleton in America's family closet is again on view. Mr. Lasker, chairman of the Shipping Board, introduces it to the public in the following words: "The new Shipping Board has inherited a collapse that will take its every effort to resuscitate. As I look into the details I find them worse than my worst expectations." The books of the Board, he says, "are so absolutely incomplete and incompetent" that he admits he is only making a "wild guess" in asking Congress for $300,000,000. The extent of the liabilities cannot be determined for a year or more. The total loss on the wooden ships, which he calls "practically worthless," is about $313,000,000. Americans may well ask who is to blame. Of course any huge organization built up rapidly out of nothing at all in war-time was bound to have its weak spots. There was also, of course, a great deal of crookedness—just how much will never be known. But the bulk of the mistakes come from sheer human incompetence, from the inefficiency of a nation which long made a boast of its efficiency among other nations. The story of the Shipping Board, corroborated by the report of the Engineers that the waste in private industry is about fifty per cent, should make us realize at last that our efficiency was a myth.

AFTER a long fight, during which it often seemed that the bill would be shelved, the Sheppard-Towner bill to protect maternity and infancy has been passed by the Senate, and goes back to the House for concurrent action on the Senate's minor amendment. Its passage is a tribute not so much to the legislators as to the women's organizations which fought determinedly for it in the face of

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often invisible opposition, and in the face of such narrow-mindedness as that of Senator Reed, who wished to call it "A bill to organize a board of spinsters to teach mothers how to raise babies." The bill's purpose is to make a start toward saving the lives of some 23,000 mothers and 250,000 infants who die every year because of ignorance and lack of proper care. Its creation of a Federal Board of Maternal and Infant Hygiene is a small step in a vital cause.

WHEN a decision of the District of Columbia Court of Appeals, some time ago, in the case of the Call, affirmed the right of the Postmaster General to exercise over newspapers what was practically an unlimited censorship, the Baltimore Evening Sun saw that this censorship could be applied to any non-radical paper, and started a vigorous agitation in the cause of free speech. It has drawn a wordy attack from Mr. William H. Lamar, who was solicitor-general of the post office under Burleson. The burden of Mr. Lamar's charge, which is not very precise, is that the Sun has "rushed to the support of Communist publishers," and that the Communists, "aided by parlor Socialists," "have tried to scare the metropolitan press into line behind them and afford them protection in their revolutionary operations." And the Sun, complains Mr. Lamar, has been "taken in by these enemies of organized government." If after such remarks one may still be disposed to argue seriously with Mr. Lamar, his final lament, that "the sympathetic interest of the Sun in the vagaries of Senator France in his Bolshevistic tendencies has startled the conservative elements in both political parties," proves conclusively that such argument is impossible.

AT one time Senator Clayton R. Lusk made a strong bid to go down to history as a champion hunter of radicals. A trifling incident has upset this possibility. Senator Lusk is no less likely than before the investigation into the detectives' slush fund to become a historical character, but his fame will not rest on his prowess as a discoverer of more Reds than any one other man in the United States —of more Reds, in fact, than ever really existed. In a country where innumerable political grafters have lined their pockets with the gratitude of people in whose interests they made laws, Senator Lusk will be famous for his picturesque scruples, for a fastidious taste that balked at what was really worth while—at money—and saw no harm in letting the grateful detectives invite him to dinner, take his daughter to Coney Island and send silverware to his wife. Senator Lusk will be known to posterity as the only politician who ever accepted a pocketbook which—as he said—had nothing in it.

THE opponents of the Nonpartisan League in North Dakota have launched a campaign for the recall of three state officers—the Governor, the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Attorney General. Although the movement is still in the petition stage it seems fairly certain that the requisite number of signatures will be obtained and the recall election held in November. But this is not all. At the same time it is planned to submit to the voters an amendment to the constitution depriving the Governor of powers essential to the Nonpartisan program, and a provision for liquidating the Bank of North Dakota. Apparently the independents have little hope of carrying the recall, but they trust that so attractive an opportunity to split votes fifty-fifty will appeal to the floating portion of the electorate, and that a vote of confidence in the officials will be offset by withdrawal of their powers. In these circumstances it would be wise policy for the League to consolidate the issue, to make it clear that if the state is to retain the services of the executives it must stand by the platform which they were elected to carry out. If Governor Frazier undertakes to resign in case the amendments are carried the voters will have no excuse for dodging the issue.

IT is too early to prophesy as yet whether the defeat of the Turks in Asia Minor is anything more than a strategic retreat, designed to lure the Greeks on to ground which they cannot hold. The possibility of Greek victory, however, will bring embarrassment to England in her position as the leading Mohammedan power. The New Republic a week ago noted the pious hope of the Secretary of State for India, "that Turkey will be as free and independent as she was before the war." Clearly the fulfilment of such hope is immediately possible only through the victory of Kemal. It also noted his promise to take up through the foreign office the case of the Greek atrocities, but whether Lord Curzon will consent to share the burden of representing the Moslem world is not yet disclosed. A letter from Miss Rosalind Toynbee to the London Nation, however, gives specifications in regard to the systematic massacres by the Greeks at Yalova which justify her statement that they equal in ferocity and intention the massacres of the Armenians in 1915, though at present on a smaller scale—only 5,500.

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Obregon's Opportunity

THE New Republic has steadily maintained a friendly and hopeful attitude toward President Obregon. For the skill and energy with which he has liquidated the difficulties which had accumulated under Diaz, Madero, Huerta and Carranza it has nothing but praise. One complication remains, one problem which if it remains unsolved may bring to nothing the constructive measures already taken. That is the relations with the United States. The New Republic has not failed to emphasize the responsibility of the greater Power for a settlement, to urge the importance of the stake which this country has in a prosperous and peaceful Mexico, to plead for the utmost in the way of concession on the part of our State Department to meet President Obregon's difficulties, and strengthen his domestic position. On the other hand, in the light of its friendship for Mexico and its confidence in President Obregon it would urge upon him and upon Mexican public opinion generally the value of the present as the accepted time and the day of salvation.

The fact that relations between Mexico and the United States are superficially more satisfactory, that tension is apparently less, than for many years past, is not a reason for arguing that such questions as remain outstanding will settle themselves with time. It is true, Secretary Hughes's note is a vast improvement on the Fall resolution. It is true that President Obregon has exhibited no such exasperating superiority in diplomatic correspondence as Carranza did to Wilson. It is true that the reduced return on property everywhere and the lowered momentum of business has diminished foreign ardor in regard to property and business in Mexico. In particular, the oil interests, which, when our own resources could not supply the demand for consumption and export, were violently excited by any interference with the exploitation of the Mexican field, are now sleeping in the plethora of over-production, and, except for Mr. Doheny, would be satisfied to leave Mexican oil in the ground until the next boom, meanwhile, perhaps, taking advantage of the opportunity to swallow Doheny. But if we seem farther from intervention in Mexico than at any time for ten years past, let no one lay to his heart the flattering unction that there is anything permanently reassuring about this situation. The interests, financial and nationalistic, in this country which look upon the cleaning-up of Mexico as an inevitable and joyous proceeding have not even been lulled to sleep. They have, in fact, become more exasperated by delay, and by fear that the prey may escape. The calm which lulls the friends of Mexico to confidence awakens her enemies to action. The present breathing spell is a heaven-sent day of grace. It is infinitely easier to negotiate a permanent peace in the momentary relaxation of popular interest, than when public opinion is aroused and nationalistic passion is excited. And the control of public opinion in the matter of war remains with the same group that has exercised it in the past. On any summer holiday an Assistant Secretary of the Navy may send destroyers to Tampico or Vera Cruz, and the procession of events which leads a nation to war may be taken up. And once this march is begun in earnest there is no stopping place short of Golgotha.

The fundamental issue between the United States and Mexico is one of interpretation of the Mexican constitution with reference to private property. With that constitution as representing in principle a genuine advance in the conservation of natural resources for the benefit of the people, and the limitation of the exploitation of such resources by private interests, the New Republic is in cordial sympathy. It believes that if President Obregon took the ground that the expropriation of private capital in the oil fields was necessary to the commonwealth he would have a case similar in some points to that of the United States in expropriating foreign capital invested in slaves or in breweries. No question has been raised as to our right to make the eighteenth amendment retroactive. But President Obregon does not and cannot take this attitude. So long as the world moves on a basis of property first, and capital is a private function, he must make terms with the world on that basis. Recognition for him means admission into the family of capitalistic nations—only for that result does he desire it. Accordingly he is obliged to show himself as zealous for the rights of private property as Secretary Hughes himself. Says the Secretary: "The fundamental question which confronts the government of the United States in considering its relations with Mexico is the safeguarding of property rights against confiscation." This has reference explicitly to the so-called retroactive interpretation of Article XXVII of the Mexican constitution, to which President Obregon replies: "Every private right acquired prior to May 1, 1917, when the new constitution was adopted, will be respected and fully protected."

Thus it would appear that the precise point at issue between the United States and Mexico is one of procedure. President Obregon and Secretary Hughes are in informal and unofficial agreement. It remains only to give the agreement in regard

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to property rights official status to bring about full recognition of Mexico, and to open the door to other influences than the merely financial to promote the intercourse and cement the friendship between the two countries. The United States withholds recognition pending such agreement; Mexico refuses to purchase recognition by such agreement. That is the impasse. It is clearly the business of diplomacy to find a formula for opening the way.

There are several methods by which this so much desired result may be attained. For one thing, action clearly interpreting Article XXVII may be taken by the Mexican Congress. This procedure is suggested by President Obregon, but, as he notes, it involves delay. For another, decision by the Supreme Court of Mexico would serve to remove any ambiguity, and it would seem that such a decision has long been overdue. A third plan is possible, an application of a device already put forward by President Obregon for dealing with the claims of foreign countries against Mexico. That is a joint commission of representatives of the United States and Mexico sitting at the City of Mexico, to consider the relations of the two countries in respect to matters now in question or likely to cause dispute between them. Such a conference could have no reflection on the sovereignty of Mexico if President Obregon invited it. Acceptance of the invitation would itself constitute recognition by the United States of President Obregon's position as head of the Mexican state. This procedure would not be a bargain—treaty for recognition—because the recommendations of the commission would not be binding unless accepted by both parties. It would be in accordance with the most advanced practice which the world has been able to achieve, in promoting international understanding and comity.

There are certain further advantages in this method of procedure which deserve consideration. It cannot be denied that there is force in the argument that if President Obregon is as resolute as Mr. Hughes in standing for property rights it would be well for him to leave Mexican public opinion no possible ground for misunderstanding on this point. There is force also in the contention that should recognition of President Obregon be followed by incidents which might seem even remotely to cast doubt on his good faith, it would be difficult to control the forces which make public opinion in this country. A resolution was introduced into the Senate to withdraw the recognition already granted to Carranza. Clearly such a contingency has in it possibilities far more dangerous than even the withholding of recognition altogether. Finally, there is no doubt that there is a certain opposition between the spirit of the Mexican constitution and that submission to the regime of private capital which President Obregon declares himself prepared to make. That being the case there should be no ground left for ambiguity. The proposed commission will give President Obregon an opportunity to ascertain and define the precise limits of such conservation of natural resources to the uses of his people as is possible in a world run on lines of special privilege and private capital. It will give his supporters and defenders everywhere a chance to know what they are supporting and defending. It will substitute show-down for drift.

Taking the Conference Seriously

BECAUSE we have expressed hope that some progress toward peace may be made by the disarmament conference called by President Harding we, along with the Nation, and the liberals at large, are seriously taken to task by the Freeman. The liberal journals, the Freeman generously remarks, "are popularly supposed to be intelligent," and "are independent and can say what they like." Therefore we are under obligation to do straight thinking, to the end of declaring that a conference essentially of the old gang of military imperialists, dominated by the old motives, using the old methods of diplomatic bargaining, is a delusion if not an intentional fraud upon a world which demands peace and needs to be quieted by sops. "The same old crew who dished the confiding liberals at Versailles, who went back on the terms of the armistice, who hatched up the secret treaties. . . . Yet actually the liberal thinks, or thinks he thinks, that these men are to be trusted to do something more than come to some nominal understanding." We should quote more if this were not already enough to make the liberal hang his head in humiliation—if he is oversensitive to saw-toothed rhetoric.

Now, whether by defect of intelligence, as the Freeman suggests, or by a disposition to take the world as it is and to try to get whatever benefits are to be had out of the only instruments at hand, as it seems to us, we do take the conference on disarmament and on questions of the Pacific quite seriously. Those who please may discount our views on the ground that we took the Fourteen and the other points seriously and got dished at Versailles. If we had hooted, month after month before the signing of the Treaty, "Same old gang, same old story," we should now be in position to hoot "We told you so." We preferred to take the

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side where the major risks obviously lay, and do our utmost toward increasing the volume of public opinion that discriminated between a good peace and a bad. We do not regret it. That public opinion did not become extinct with the signing of the Treaty. On the contrary, it has continued to expand until at present a man can almost win a reputation for originality by pronouncing the Treaty of Versailles good. That opinion has already proved a check upon the literal enforcement of the Treaty. It may never succeed in effecting a formal revision of the Treaty. It may not circumvent the tendencies that make toward revision by war. But then it may. And we take international justice and peace too seriously to be eager to abandon hope that some good may yet come of the great efflorescence of idealism of which Woodrow Wilson was the chief exponent, before Paris cast its spell on him.

We are under no illusion that the conference to assemble in Washington will forge a perfect agreement, one that will set at rest forever all fears of a disastrous naval war on the Pacific. Every nation represented will send diplomats instructed to win whatever nationalistic advantage can be won. There will be deep secrecy, and propagandistic "leaks," reported coalitions of two nations to rob a third, efforts to exclude vital matters and waste time on matters not pertinent: in short, all the devices of bedevilment known to statecraft. And whatever agreements may be arrived at will later be dodged, by one signatory or another; and further, unfounded accusations of bad faith will be floated by the yellow press and the armament interests. If the agreement involves substantial restriction of armament, it may certainly be predicted that within a few years we shall be regaled with rumors of Japanese ship building in secret harbors, of ships officially rated as light armored that are really heavy armored, of improved guns and explosives that wholly disturb the stipulated naval equilibrium and the like. We do not need a grandmother or a Freeman to warn us that such things are likely to be. And yet we take the conference seriously.

Paint the diplomats who are to attend the conference in the blackest colors you please: You cannot justly charge that a single one of them wants a war on the Pacific. Does England want to fight Japan? That may easily entail the ruin of the British Asiatic empire, even supposing that Japan was crushed and could retaliate only by propaganda and sabotage. Does the United States want war with Japan? It would necessarily turn out inconclusively, because neither could we cross the Pacific and strike Japan in a vital spot, nor could she deal us a mortal blow. The two nations could impoverish each other, set back the commerce of the Pacific by half a century, sow the seeds of future wars, but that is all the profit either would get. As for Japan, she could not hope to inflict on either English-speaking Power damage commensurate with her own losses.

The mere fact that war would be ruinous all around does not preclude its possibility, as recent European history has shown. It does mean that there are powerful motives impelling even the most narrowly nationalistic statesman to make an effort to reduce the risks of war before it is too late. At present the number of dangerous issues in the Pacific is not overwhelmingly great. There are not enough of them nor sufficiently vital ones, to create an immediate risk of war. Can the existing issues not be moved closer to a satisfactory settlement, and cannot new issues be aborted, by an exchange of views and even a nominal agreement among governments as they are? We believe that this is possible. And even if the coming conference attains no material results, we believe that the precedents set by it will be useful in a later time.

If the conference is to achieve results, it will be partly because considerations of nationalistic advantage demand the elimination of the risk of a Pacific war, but chiefly because public opinion demands definite steps toward peace. And we conceive that it is the business of liberals and of all others who prefer peace to war, to join in the work of clarifying public opinion and focussing it upon the points in the situation that are most pertinent. We conceive that it is more important to define what it is desirable to attain than to predict what cannot be attained. Little enough will be attained, at best. Anyone who likes will be in a position to assert loudly that the results of the conference are just nil. We do not see, however, that anyone, liberal, radical or conservative is performing any work of transcendental public utility in placing himself in a position where, by stretching a point or two, perhaps, he might say, I told you so. That is the course of private indulgence, not of public duty.

The Status of N. E. Ulster

IS the Irish Republic exploded? Those who think of it as a bad dream do not hide their belief that it is gone forever. They point to Irish crowds praying in the streets for peace. They dwell on the willingness of de Valera to negotiate with Lloyd George and they reach many conclusions because of the silence that has bathed these negotiations. They observe the attitude of Sir James Craig and they infer that N. E. Ulster is

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to be protected as against the rest of Ireland. What the "moderate" Irish are to be offered, they suppose, is a "dominion home rule" which however differs altogether from "dominion status." And they think that the rest of the debate must now turn on the details of this "concession" of dominion home rule.

The difference between "dominion status" and "dominion home rule" is not apparent from the names, but on examination it seems to be like the difference between marriage and morganatic marriage. It is, in other words, a left-handed arrangement. Ireland is not to be a Canada. It is first of all to be partitioned from outside, and then each division is to be given the status of, say, Quebec. Unlike Canada, however, the whole of Ireland is to pay a fixed contribution to Britain for "imperial services," and those imperial services are to be conferred upon Ireland in the interests of —well, to use a mouthfilling phrase, the interests of the whole of mankind.

These suppositions, arising as they do from warm desire, may give some hint as to the motives operating in the English, the uninstructed Anglo-American and the imperial mind. To rush to the conclusion that nothing else need be considered, however, is to repeat an old mistake. Ill-educated and poor and obstinate and violent as Ireland continues to seem to the imperial mind everywhere, it still remains that in the present struggle the Irish Republic is a definite and solid fact. Lloyd George is not now negotiating, as he was in 1917, with a Convention of his own appointing. He is negotiating, in his own words, with "the chieftain of the vast majority of the Irish race," and it is distinctly significant that in de Valera's party in London there was but one man who had had anything whatever to do with Lloyd George's supposedly representative convention of 1917. The sham of nominated delegates and false "Irish" representations is over. The president of the Irish Republic has been given a chance to speak for his people and alongside the purposes and ideals of the British empire in regard to the Irish people to place the purposes and ideals of the Irish people in regard to themselves.

The possibility of adjustment between these two sets of ideals and purposes seems to us to be small so long as serious attention is paid to the recent act creating minor legislative bodies in N. E. Ulster and in the rest of Ireland, these legislative bodies having undemocratic upper chambers and being structurally devised to sunder Ireland. There is no chance whatever of adjustment until this undemocratic act, passed without the participation of the Irish, is thrown into the discard. What is required on Ireland's part is rather an acceptance of the N. E. Ulster state of mind, an acceptance of the English state of mind in regard to navalism and the domination of the seas, and an acceptance of the fact that England perforce is Ireland's best customer whereas Ireland is only England's second-best customer. On the other side, it is necessary for England to accept the right of the Irish people to decide as to their own form of government instead of a form dictated from England; to have the republican form if desired, provided N. E. Ulster is consulted; but if this ultimate of nationalism is not insisted upon, to have a dominion status in which N. E. Ulster is treated politically and not nationally.

Elsewhere in this issue we print a relevant letter from Mr. John F. Finerty asserting the right of the Irish people to leave the British empire and to carry the N. E. Ulster Unionists with them. This, we consider, is not a practical position. If the Irish question is to be decided on purely national grounds, we feel that N. E. Ulster has a right to be consulted nationally. We should like to agree with Mr. Finerty that the Unionists in Ulster "are all Irish, and all merely political parts of the Irish nation." We think, however, that the facts are against him. He is right in asserting that the present N. E. Ulster zone contains two counties that have an incarcerated Nationalist majority, but that leaves four counties which form a community of a national complexion pretty distinct from the rest of Ireland. That, we take it, is the point he disputes. Assuming he is right, is he willing to let the people of those four counties speak for themselves as to their choice of sovereignty and national affiliation? Our own opinion is that these Unionists of N. E. Ulster do not now regard themselves as Irish. Rightly or wrongly, they regard themselves as Scotch-Irish or British and their chosen flag is the Union Jack. To assert emphatically, in spite of this, that these Unionists are "merely political parts of the Irish nation" is to close one's eyes to the principle of government by consent. The population of N. E. Ulster has yet to consent to union with Republican Ireland. It is our belief that Republican Ireland must earn this consent, not obtain it or seek to obtain it by brute force. As for the Wilsonian principle of self-determination, it was democratically applied in Slesvig, where sovereignty was decided by majority vote not in the community as a whole but in the community divided into zones or units. That, in our opinion, would be the healthiest national procedure for Ireland. It is only by accepting some such procedure that the people of N. E. Ulster can be led eventually to consider themselves Irishmen. We

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do not believe they can be driven to consider themselves Irishmen, any more than Irishmen can be driven to consider themselves Englishmen. We say this in what we deem to be the best interest of the Irish people as a whole, and in fairness to all concerned.

But this does not mean that if the Irish settlement is to be political rather than national the people of N. E. Ulster should then be maintained as separatists by the strength of the British empire. This would be applying nationalism in one place, denying it in another, in order to sap Ireland's vitality and perpetuate Irish subjection. The empire that declines to make a separatist division of Canada or South Africa can scarcely hope to decree and enforce a separatist position for Ulster, particularly since, out of the 1,250,000 persons in N. E. Ulster there were 140,000 non-Unionist parliamentary voters as against 258,000 Unionist voters in 1918. These figures, with non-Unionists actually a majority in Fermanagh and Tyrone, show that only Sinn Fein's attempt at the forcible extrusion of N. E. Ulster from the empire would justify raising this point of N. E. Ulster's separatism.

N. E. Ulster, however, is still the stalking-horse. And until dominion status, not "dominion home rule," is formally proposed to de Valera, we may honestly assume that the underlying imperial policy is the enslavement of Ireland and the betrayal of public opinion.

"Coolidgisms"

NO little determination, plus a great deal of sheer instinctive shrewdness, are the qualities that have helped an amiable and uncommunicative New England politician to reach the Vice-Presidency. It was shrewdness of a high order that enabled Mr. Calvin Coolidge, some years ago, to foresee that a certain political junket to the far-corners of the United States, which he was invited to join, would end in a disaster of scandal about hotel bills and cigar bills, and that it was safer for him to remain in Massachusetts with the wise remark, "See New England first." When the Dragon of the police strike raised its mutinous head in Boston, his shrewdness drew a great reward, for, in casting about for an heir-apparent to the President, the Republican Convention instinctively chose this silent, canny, Down-East Saint George.

The exact proportion of genuine intelligence to horse-sense in the Vice-President's mind is more measurable now that we have his articles on the Enemies of the Republic in the June, July and August numbers of the Delineator, a magazine which can bring the facts and fancies about the Reds' insidious attacks upon our college youth before a million or more readers. While the judgments—or fancies—about them are peculiarly his own, the facts which seem to Mr. Coolidge to be "circumstantial evidence" that our colleges "are the object of adroit attacks by radical propagandists to an extent creative . . . . of an element of radicalism decidedly hostile to our American form of government" have obviously been gathered for him by somebody else. They are disconnected happenings, phrases, speeches, dating anywhere from 1905 to 1921, such as might be collected by an enthusiastic but not very acute amateur of seditious specimens.

Let us examine some of these facts. A Miss Smith, of the faculty of Vassar, went to Washington, where she heard the Senate committee's examination of Martens and *"was quite favorably impressed by the Soviet ambassador, and struck by his moderation and intelligence compared to the narrowness of some of the committee"* (Vice-Presidential Italics). At the University of Wisconsin, the Intercollegiate Socialist Society "has a chapter of over one hundred members." The Barnard Bulletin, reporting a speech at the I. S. S. Convention, said that "a man from Harvard took first prize for his scholarly speech on conscription of wealth." Another Bulletin reported Arthur Gleason as saying that "A Socialist Workers' Republic was inevitable in England." At Wellesley there is a club for the study of socialism, and a library, in which books for and against socialism show "considerable use," and a Professor of Philosophy, Miss Mary Calkins, who voted for Debs. In the Wellesley magazine, a student wrote an article "commending the German Socialists who, during the war, opposed war loans." The Radcliffe library has files of Soviet Russia and the Socialist Review. The Radcliffe News "hoped that more and more colleges would find through the war 'a means of active service to the principles of democracy and internationalism.' " Further support of the charge that Radcliffe was a "hotbed of Bolshevism" is found in the facts that the News editorially "criticized the attempt to exclude the five Socialists from the New York Assembly" (so did Mr. Hughes), and that "Radcliffe representatives in an intercollegiate debate supported the affirmative in the question *'Resolved*: That the recognition of labor unions by employers is essential to successful collective bargaining.' "

So much for the "Reds stalking the college women." The rest of the case against the serpent

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in the American bosom is made out on the basis of a strangely miscellaneous and straggling assortment of instances. There are quotations from an article in the New Republic of May 5, 1920—in which connection, we note with satisfaction, Mr. Coolidge says, "It is never wise to disregard the reports and opinions of trained observers." The writer of this article found discontent general in the Middle West, and, to Mr. Coolidge's grave alarm, notes that in a number of universities there were faculty unions affiliated with the A. F. of L., and that a prosperous member of the board of trade of a larger city said to him, "The sooner we adopt the Soviet form of government the better." This ought to give the Vice-President thoughts about boards of trade as strange as those he entertains about the colleges. There is a private letter, dug up and published by the Iowa Magazine, in which one small college professor writes to another that "one of the things that will hasten the revolution is to spread the notion that it *can* come soon." There is serious reference to President Hodgdon of Valparaiso University, who to cover up his own mistakes and the quite normal indignation that forced him to resign, said: "The University is a hotbed of Bolshevism, communism, and other cults." There is a disproportionately long attack on Mr. Harry F. Ward; a discussion of the teachers dismissed from the De Witt Clinton High School; some quotations from the New York World about the "People's House," and a broadside, in the best style of the Civic Federation, against the Rand School. Here we get a clue as to the ancient date of this material, in the statement—true until four months ago—that the governor of New York had vetoed the bill for the licensing and supervision of schools,—"no doubt wisely," adds Mr. Coolidge, a remark we hope he will pass on to Governor Miller.

We do not care for the Peeping Tom type of anti-Bolshevik, and we should be the last to wish to see his discoveries in print, did they not give our Vice-President a chance to try his intellectual wings, and ourselves an opportunity to assay the metal of that intellect. For these discoveries lead Mr. Coolidge to an unashamed indulgence in generalities. They are of various kinds. Some are already in wide circulation, as for instance such unassailable convictions as these: "It requires time and effort to think. . . . Our world is far from perfect. . . . Men are finite. . . . It is more easy and natural to be imitative than to be original. . . . The accumulated experience of all the past cannot be disregarded. . . . The good is never self-existent. . . . Schools and colleges are public institutions. . . . Human nature does not change. . . . It is not well to spend too much time arguing against what is false" (Are three months in the Delineator "too much time"?). Such truths deserve to go down to posterity under the name found for them by the Delineator, as "Coolidgisms."

Other Coolidgisms, the general truth of which is more arguable, express, with a deep-dish, home-made solemnity, their author's grave rebuke to radicalism, and his statement of the principles of government. "The ready-made opinions that are to pass current should be correct. . . . They should reflect respect, not disloyalty toward our institutions. . . . Adherence to radical doctrines means the ultimate breaking down of the old sturdy virtues of manhood and womanhood. . . . The property of [this] nation is owned by the people and is more evenly distributed than anywhere else on earth. . . . It is the duty of public school teachers to teach patriotism. . . . Authority came into being with the creation. It has the sanction of the Creator. It is righteous. . . . Rule of the people . . . is none the less a *rule*." In Mr. Coolidge's mind the ratio is about 90 per cent rule and 10 per cent people.

We do not care to take issue with the author of such platitudes. Whole books could be—have been—written with similar sonorous creeds for text, and we should like to point out how much more difficult they are to apply to every day government than to proclaim ex-cathedra. We should like to suggest that a Vice-President of the United States who fires these heavy batteries in a popular magazine on the occasion of the discovery, by a professional red-hunter, of what one school girl had been whispering to another, has lost all sense of proportion.

God Save Harding!

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1921, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER; DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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The Decline of Penrose

AFTER the Republicans had nominated Mr. Harding last summer, and while the Cox-McAdoo tug of war in the Democratic convention was in its stubbornest stage, one of those men so numerous in political fiction and so rare in political life, a "prince of lobbyists," sat in the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco and talked in approvedly disillusioned way of the forthcoming campaign, and what was to follow. Said he: "I wish I could walk in on Boies Penrose in Philadelphia tonight. Do you know what he would say? The first thing he would say would be: 'Well, B . . . . ., at last I have exactly the man I want. After all these years I have one who will do what I want him to do, and won't do what I don't want him to do.' That is what Penrose is thinking tonight, and Penrose is right."

What the lobbyist said was what thousands of others said, including a great many who voted for Mr. Harding. Had not the old reactionary interests dominated the Republican convention? Had not Penrose become the recognized viceroy in politics of those interests? And had not Mr. Harding followed the accredited political representatives of those interests dependably in all his political life? Was it not reasonable that Penrose should lean back comfortably in his chair? Look for answer to the fact that for weeks Penrose has been gulping, as gracefully as he may, more wormwood and gall than any other man in public life.

He came to Washington in the late winter, after his long illness, thoroughly imbued with the idea credited to him by our friend in San Francisco, and at least a few hundred thousand others. At death's door though he had been, no whit of his passion for power had abated. That was the time when the question whether Mr. Hoover would be invited into the Cabinet hung in the balance. One day came reports that Mr. Harding felt that he must have Mr. Hoover to help meet the promises to the nation of a Cabinet of "master minds." Twenty-four hours later there were reports of thumbs down on Hoover from party leaders. Upon Senator Penrose's arrival in Washington there was a procession to ascertain his mind on Hoover, and the procession and Hoover both were dismissed with a wave of the hand. Again, there were processions to ascertain the Penrose mind as to the choice for Secretary of State, and what was ascertained was that the choice mattered little; the Senate would blaze the way in foreign affairs. And it all was taken very seriously by most people.

But everyone knows now that when Penrose waved Hoover aside he did not wave Hoover out of the Cabinet. Nor did the choice of Secretary of State turn out to be an indifferent matter. Almost everyone knows that the surprises and shocks for Senate Penrose did not end there. Days passed during which he neither visited nor was asked to visit the White House; as many days passed during which he did not receive the executive attention with regard to patronage that the lowliest of the Republican freshmen of the Senate considers an inalienable right. Not until Senator Knox played host at Valley Forge did the President and Senator Penrose chat across the table in the real way, and that was only an exchange of courtesies and resulted in little of more importance than some paltry releases of Pennsylvania patronage, and some slight softening of the White House crust.

The Senator should have known it would happen; he should have known that the law of political averages was heavily against him. No need here to go into causes, but it is a patent fact that men who are nominated for important executive offices by bosses oftener than not break with those bosses. That does not appear clearly in the case of the Presidency, for in this generation there have been few boss-selected Presidents. It may not appear clearly in Pennsylvania, where bossism has a unique respectability. But take the country as a whole, and the fact is plain to anyone. In better than three cases in five, the boss-selected executive soon or late is on bad terms with those who "made" him. And the underlying causes apply equally to the Presidency.

But, Penrose being a boss, had the boss's usual blindness to the fact. So we have him in these days an embarrassed man, groping for the power he expected to wield easily. It is not his, and, self-conscious in the denial, there is an interesting change in him. His political walk is changed. He speaks oftener, considering his appearances in the Senate, and he speaks differently. Time was when the hours ran into days and the days into weeks without a word on the floor from him. Physically too big to be comfortable in even the capacious Senate chairs, he sat often on a divan in the rear of the Republican side—great legs spraddled, huge paunch bulging, massive shoulders bearing down, jowls overflowing collar and cravat, thick head set and motionless—gazing into space with a sort of satisfied steadiness in his eyes. It was a sight to see him thus, silent, immobile, while some lesser Senator or House poli-

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tician poured a story into his ear, and unconsciously drooped lower and lower under the personality of the tremendous creature. When Penrose spoke his rare speeches in those days, it usually was to rumble shortly and mayhap wittily at some Democratic spokesman. All that is gone.

The change in the picture is due partly to his illness. That stripped him of the old barbaric beefiness—that crushing quality which some men derive from mere size. And the stripping has had a curious effect. The difference in the man from the shoulders down is distressing, but the difference in the face really is satisfying. Before his illness, the heavy folds of flesh on Senator Penrose's face and head hid the evidences of his power. It was possible to see great driving force in his face, but not the marks of intellectual power that naturally were expected. Those marks can be seen plainly now. The flesh no longer distorts the nose into an insignficant, rather feminine, feature. It is a bold, finely chiselled, conqueror's nose. The eyes no longer are somewhat beady. They are big and luminous. And the forehead is seen to be handsome, lofty. It is a sad face now, almost a stricken face, but it is a face that reveals the intellectual strength to be expected in Penrose, even though there is a hardness in the strength that reminds of the man's career. But this physical change, in body and face, is not the most of the change in the Penrose who appears in the Senate. The mood and spirit of the man make more of the change in the picture. Now is to be seen the outcropping of the mood of one unexpectedly slipping and fighting, surprised, puzzled, annoyed—a mood manifested in his more frequent speeches.

Those speeches make as interesting a show as the old Penrose on the divan, with some second-rate politician crouched beside him. Possessed of a logical mind, nearly always there is an argument, direct or implied, in what he says, but how shot through with scorn and impatience is that argument! On edge when one of the numerous mediocrities cavorts, Penrose thrusts out a verbal fist, but invariably there is that about the thrust that tells of a "Pshaw, foolishness!" directed at himself for yielding to the impulse, and of a "What are you?" directed at the other man. For, of the ninety-six members of the Senate, there are hardly more than a dozen whom Penrose does not view with more or less intolerant contempt. One sees that he respects Lodge, although when he looks at that precise, punctilious, conventional, superlatively respectable person, it is possible to see something close to amazement in Penrose's expression. One suspects a certain kinship, strange as it may seem, between him and John Sharp Williams. Both are well born and natural aristocrats; both were well-educated and have thought much about the human procession; and both have lived on the "don't give a damn" principle, albeit the applications of the principle have been varied. They are openly fond of each other. And Penrose does not undervalue the hard, practical sense of men like Underwood and Smoot, or the gifts of men like Borah, Johnson, Knox, Hitchcock or Brandegee, or the political skill of men like Watson, of Indiana. But for the run of the Senate . . . . ! He shows it when he talks on the floor.

Still, he does talk to them. He is fighting to regain his power, or rather to complete his power in accordance with his expectations, and he argues, bullies, connives and crushes as he can, inside the chamber as well as outside of it. He will make some progress, win some fights. When the tariff and taxation revision get squarely before the Senate, he will be heard from and felt, if for no other reason than that he has brains and knowledge, whatever may be the use to which he has or will put them. He may make Mr. Harding eat out of his hand now and again. He may, and he probably will, have his days of triumph. But they will be fleeting days. He is not the boss of the administration now, and he will not become the boss. The stars are against him. In his heart, it is likely, he knows it. For one thing, the purpose of the Harding administration that he shall not be boss is a dead set purpose. It may have to yield to him from time to time, but always it will yield resolved to fight again. There is no lack of decent pride of place in the White House. Another thing is that while the White House fights always, quietly preferably, openly if necessary, for independence of the Penrose will, there grows steadily in the Senate, and in the House, too, resistance to that will, and to the machine which it directs—resistance to the forces that bulwark Penrose and his machine, financial forces, industrial forces.

Once Penrose might have overcome all of this. He might have made the small triumphs that probably are ahead of him parts of a big, permanent triumph. In the rough and tumble fight within the Republican party that is on even now in a half-scared, half-hesitant way, and one that bids fair to assume larger proportions, the Penrose of four years ago might have manoeuvred himself into mastery, acquiring at the least the dominating balance of power in Congress, and bending the Harding administration, however rebelliously, to his will in most things of importance. But today's Penrose is not the Penrose of four years ago. Nature, which has treated this man lavishly for sixty years, has turned against him in the very hour

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of thickening troubles. He lacks the physical power for the fight. Oddly enough, there is a curious similarity between Senator Penrose's state today and that of the man who is his absolute antithesis in most respects, Mr. Wilson. Each has been denied the mastery that he craved when it seemed within his grasp, because fate stepped in and robbed him of his strength when he most needed it. Imagine the Wilson of four years ago, hovering over the present Republican regime—an unaggressive President and a leaderless Congress lumbering uncertainly along, the most bewildered Congress in memory. But the Democratic opposition lacks the old Wilson and is almost as lumbering and lacking in objective as the party in power. Nor is the old Penrose present, for the fight that is brewing.

He is in retrospect. In his own day a tradition, a figure of political mythology, a one-model statesman among standardized statesmen, a machine boss observed wide-eyed by other machine bosses, he has lived beyond the zenith and into the decline. But what a man he has been—this product of the old Philadelphia aristocracy and of Harvard, turned master of the most practical of machine politics! What a baffling man the real Penrose has been, the true, inner Penrose! No one has revealed the philosophy that must have guided this thinking man, and he is a thinking man; even his outbursts of temper discharge thought. All that there is about him is in the form of anecdotes which do not tell the reasoned, logical story of him. Yet, they do unfailingly suggest the bigness, the unique fashion of a man, that all credit to Penrose. Whether it be an anecdote of political daring or brutal force; or an anecdote of some rare feat at the table; or of some fleeting comment upon a man, upon society, upon life—all put Penrose in the master rôle. Even more do those anecdotes of his human contacts. There is the story that is told in Washington of his motor ride with Senator Watson of Indiana, one of the Republican wheelhorses. The story has it that Penrose, after luncheon, drove to the Capitol, sent in for Watson, told him to get into the car, drove seventy-five miles over the Maryland hills, returned to the Capitol, dropped Watson and went his way, without having uttered a word other than the command-invitation to Watson to get into the car. Washington enjoyed that as a story of the permitted rudeness of genius, or something almost as big.

JOHN W. OWENS.

Machinery and the Modern Style

IT has taken our architects and interior decorators a long time to realize that there is a modern style in building, as well as a classic and mediaeval style. By far the greater number of edifices that have been put up within the last hundred years have been patterned in a mold with which neither the current materials nor the methods of workmanship have had very much to do. There have been, it is true, such grand monstrosities as the Crystal Palace, whose architectural significance has not, I believe, been fully appreciated: but the Crystal Palace is the frozen bud of a plant that has hardly had the opportunity to flower. The modern building has not dared to be itself. Our early skyscrapers, for example, were not designed on the assumption that skeletons of steel could reach higher into the air than buildings had ever before reached: they were constructed on the theory that a tall building was a solid pillar, and that it must therefore have a base, a shaft, and a capital. As a result of this stuffy misconception years passed before the extravagant aspirations that steel had made possible were even faintly realized in the Woolworth and Bush Towers.

The outcome of the failure to develop a modern style is that the contemporary city has the air of a ransacked museum, with all its various rooms and periods placed on exhibition. Up to the present all that we can call a modern style consists of misappropriated fragments of antiquity. What our contemporary buildings represent of modern life is its encyclopaedic acquaintance with the past: what they fail bravely to exhibit are the characteristic achievements of technology by which our daily activities have been molded into a hundred new patterns. Quite frequently the incongruity between our architectural "styles" and our secular habits is so flagrant as to constitute an aesthetic misdemeanor. Perhaps the best examples of ineptitude are the water fountains in the New York Public Library: from the mouth of the conventional marble lion there spouts, not water, alas! but a patented, sanitary drinking device with a hard nickeled surface. That is the sort of hole in which a classically trained architect finds himself when he begins to fill up his Greek and Roman frame with apparatus designed to meet strictly modern requirements. Without any hope of persuading the com-

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munity to live a Roman life, he attempts to make the community live in a Roman building.

Yet, although our more ostentatious architecture has not developed a modern style, a fresh tradition has been stealing in upon us, like the proverbial thief in the night. In the fulfillment of some peculiarly contemporary purpose the modern style has here and there been introduced; and since the difficulty of creating a new structure is not so great when the functions it performs are themselves new, there is nothing strange in the fact that the two main sources of the modern style at present are the subways and the cheap popular lunchrooms. Because our subways and lunchrooms have been constructed with as strict an eye to ways and means and ends as a mediaeval guild hall or a Roman amphitheatre, these modern structures have come increasingly to possess that intelligibility of purpose and that integrity of execution which mark what can properly be called a "style." There is, indeed, perhaps finer promise of a living art behind one of those white-rimmed glass fronts, where white-winged chefs pour white batter upon an immaculate griddle, than there is, for example, in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which it has taken so much labor and reconsideration to build. This will very likely seem a malicious paradox to those who fancy that "style" is nothing more than a pleasing superfluity that can be added to or withdrawn from a work of utilitarian art at will—like a sheet of veneer. Those who appreciate the sociological insight of Ruskin and Morris, however, believe that a "style" is fundamentally the outcome of a way of living, that it ramifies through all the activities of a community, and that it is the reasoned expression, in some particular work, of the complex of social and technological experience that grows out of a community's life. From this latter point of view a Child's restaurant is nearer to the source of a contemporary style than a building by Richardson, White, or Cram.

Let me disarm criticism by confessing that we are only at the beginning of a modern style, and that the beginning is crude. Lured into the void of a modern lunchroom by the vision of thick disks of golden batter basking on the griddle, one is struck immediately upon entrance by a cacophonous chorus of china and metal. From the polished tiles of the white interior comes a frigid glare, and it is difficult not to associate this surgical immaculacy with that of a ward in the better sort of hospital. The cleanliness is, in fact, blatant: the restaurant is like a soap which not merely removes the dirt efficiently but adds a gratuitous odor of antiseptics by which, as it were, to call attention to its performance. These defects of overstatement have discredited the modern style; they have drawn attention away from the fact that there *is* a style. Yet here is an equipment, harmonious in almost every detail, which could not possibly have exhibited itself in the world before 1880. If one looks carefully at the floors, the cutlery, the tables, the chairs, and the rest of the fixtures one discovers that there is not an object in the place which is not a machine product. What does that mean? Cheapness, standardization, monotony, ugliness one is perhaps tempted at first to answer; but this is by no means all.

Of its kind every article in the modern lunchroom is excellent, and its excellence is due to the fact that it has been made by a machine, and that it exhibits the accuracy, the fine finish, and the unerring fidelity to design which makes machine work delightful to everyone who knows how to take pleasure in geometrical perfection. If there are no surprises in a modern scheme of decoration and equipment there are likewise no disappointments. The whole structure is as neat, as chaste, and as inevitable as a demonstration in Euclid. There is no messiness, no "more-or-less" in the economy of the machine: once it has achieved a certain level of workmanship it can remain there, if the materials hold out, forever. Other ages have recorded great achievements in manufacture; but it has remained for the modern age to attain a hair's breadth perfection. We do not readily complain of monotony when an object is genuinely perfect. It is only an imperfect form that makes us long for a change, or, as we pregnantly say, an alteration. One can wander for hours through a forest of beeches, each tree a lean pole reaching up into a green vault, without the slightest sense of monotony; whereas one cannot walk for five minutes through the by-streets of a Philadelphia or a London suburb without wishing to destroy the mechanical sameness of the ugly little hutches the jerrybuilder has erected. It is not the monotony of a machine product that hurts, but some manifest inadequacy to human uses.

Now the test of a living style is its ability to beget new forms and fresh variations. The imitative "period" decorations that are made by machine in a Grand Rapids furniture factory fall within limits that are defined by the patterns which have survived from other ages: they are as incapable of yielding fresh designs as a mummy is of begetting a family. One of the things that should cause us to be hopeful about the naive modern style is that it is already undergoing improvements: the Bronx subway extension in New York is as great an advance over the old-fashioned system, aesthetically, as the first American subways were over the Pic-

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adilly tube. In the restaurants a similar development has been going on. Recently a couple of lunchrooms were opened on Fifth Avenue whose scheme of decoration has retained the fine congruity with the machinery of cooking and service that marks a genuine style, and at the same time has a mellowness and a refinement which brings a grateful relief from the jangling whiteness of the earlier regime. These new restaurants are as good, on their scale, as the trainhall of the Pennsylvania Station in New York, and they are good in the same way—they perform a necessary purpose with urbanity, distinction and grace. In them the modern style has reached a mature development through which the logic of the machine is reconciled with the decent aesthetic requirements of humanity.

How is it that the modern style has been so slow to realize itself—is still so timid, so partial, so inadequate? Is its crudity not due to the fact that our architects have thought that true art lay elsewhere, in Greek temples and Roman baths and Adam residences and what not, and so they have not given the lunchroom and the subway station the degree of passionate attention which would make them perfect in design as well as in execution? This "division in the records of the mind" accounts, I believe, for the peculiar barrenness and frigidity of the early machine style: its vices were due not to the presence of machine work but to the absence of a vivifying human imagination.

Up to the present the machine style has fallen short of its possibilities largely for two reasons. In the early part of the industrial period the designer attempted to qualify the mechanical rigidity of his materials by introducing forms which were antipathetic to the functions which they performed. The iron cornucopias and flowers that Ruskin railed at, for example, typify this weak attempt to mollify the machine; and the flowery decorations that one can still see on some old model of the typewriter arose out of the same pathetic fallacy. The second reason for its frustration was that when the designer paid due attention to mechanical efficiency, he neglected to carry out those final developments of form and material which—so far from being vague excrescences, like ferrous foliage—were essential to their human enjoyment beyond the mean requirements of use.

To create designs which will respect the logic of the machine and at the same time have regard for the vagaries of human psychology is the problem whose solution will give us a satisfactory, genuine modern style. We have yet to see what humane fulfillments the machine may bring about when we finally come to grips with it, and neither allow ourselves to be overridden by a crude and boisterous utilitarianism nor turn a repugnant, ineffectual face completely away from the instrument which promises—at least promises!—to liberate the community.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Women Workers and the A. F. of L.

THE woman question appeared at the 1921 convention of the American Federation of Labor in a resolution to amend the constitution of the Federation to secure to women opportunity for union membership on the same terms as men. The convention answered the question by a substitute resolution which leaves the women's case where it was before, in the hands of the national and international unions. Last February a conference of representatives of the A. F. of L. and of these unions put at the top of a list of rights which it called on the public to recognize and support, "the right of the working-people of the United States to organize into trade unions," and appended their names to it with the statement: "To the above declaration and appeal we pledge ourselves and those whom we represent."

Among those who made this appeal and pledge are the President and another representative of the International Molders' Union, and the President and the Secretary-Treasurer of the Journeymen Barbers' International Union, both or which unions expressly exclude women from membership. The names of Samuel Gompers and all the other members of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. appear as representing the Federation and pledging it to "the right of the working-people of the United States to organize into trade unions." Yet, a few weeks later Secretary Frank Morrison wrote in answer to an inquiry: "The American Federation of Labor would have authority to issue charters to women members of a trade only where such course would be authorized by the international organization having jurisdiction."

An example of how this works is that when the women barbers of Seattle, denied membership in the Barbers' Union, asked the A. F. of L. for a

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separate charter, it was refused, because the Barbers' Union objected.

Either the A. F. of L. and its affiliated organizations do not recognize and support the right of the working people of the United States to organize, or they do not recognize women as people. The second assertion contains the most truth. The stock defence of the A. F. of L. for not living up to its "stand," and its "declarations" in favor of "organizing all the workers, regardless of sex," is, "The A. F. of L. cannot dictate to the internationals." In this matter, "the autonomy of the internationals" is stretched into a dictatorship of a single international over the A. F. of L. But the real trouble is that union men, too many of them, believe in men's right of dictatorship over women.

The fact that only five internationals explicitly exclude women, and also the fact that discrimination of various sorts against women occurs in organizations that are most firmly on record as favoring equality for women, have been considered reasons for not demanding action by the A. F. of L. in convention. But women who believed that a step toward industrial equality for women would be taken by forcing the question upon the attention of the Denver Convention, formed the Women's Committee for Industrial Equality and drafted the following amendment, which was introduced in the form of a resolution by Delegate Ethel Hague:

> Nothing in this constitution shall be construed as recognition of any right on the part of the American Federation of Labor, or of any affiliated union, or of any officer or officers of such union, to deny or abridge the right of workers to membership and to all the privileges of membership in the union of their trade or industry on account of sex; and women in a trade under the jurisdiction of a union which does not admit women to membership on the same terms as men shall not be denied a separate and direct charter from the American Federation of Labor for lack of the consent of that union.

This amendment made the principle of industrial equality paramount. It provided that if one door of entrance to the A. F. of L. was closed to a group of women, another should be open. But it avoided direct interference with "autonomy" by not being mandatory on the internationals.

The substitute resolution which was adopted reads: "Resolved, that those international and national organizations that do not admit women workers give early consideration for such admission." This is even more meaningless than it sounds, because two of these organizations, the Barbers' Union and the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, will not hold conventions until 1924; another, the Molders' Union, has not yet set the date for its next convention; and each of the three Presidents of these organizations admits that no consideration will be given the subject by his union until its convention is held. As President Hutcheson of the Carpenters was a member of the Committee on Law, which reported the substitute resolution, the committee certainly knew just how "early" the consideration of the women-carpenters' case would be.

In the June number of Life and Labor, Mabel W. Taylor, organizer for the Women's Trade Union League, reports from Grand Rapids, Michigan, where many women are employed in furniture making, a branch of carpentry, that efforts to organize women there have failed. In giving reasons for this, she says:

> The men in the shops are to blame for not taking the girls into their organizations when they first entered the shops. In many instances they have antagonized the girls by trying to have them discharged, by belittling the amount and quality of the work they do, and by making the girls feel that they are interlopers. . . . In most of the organizations of men, where women are in competition with them in their various crafts and trades, you will find men who declare that they will never admit women into their union. These men, in my opinion, have the interests neither of the working man nor of the working woman at heart. The employers know only too well that once the men and women unite, by their combined strength they can get anything they wish. If only the men, now that most of them realize their mistake, would put their shoulders to the wheel to rectify that mistake, what a wonderful amount of progress could be made for the good of humanity!

Things seem, from this account, to be reaching a pass at which the A. F. of L., instead of leaving the internationals to their own destruction, will have to take a hand. It will have to teach the short-sightedness of trying to keep women out of a trade by keeping them out of a union, a lesson unions have been learning, one by one, painfully, for sixty years. Women are excluded, ostensibly, for their own good. "It isn't a woman's trade." But it is dollars to doughnuts that when a man talks of protecting a woman from an unsuitable job that he is trying to protect *his* job from the woman.

Pages of the Proceedings of the Barbers' Convention in 1919 are filled with speeches to the effect that a woman cannot cut a man's hair and remain respectable. Carpenters hint darkly of untellable things in plants where men and women wood-workers are employed. President Valentine of the Molders' Union, to show the dire effect upon a woman's modesty of working in a foundry, told of seeing a woman (she happened to be the owner of the foundry) tuck her skirt between her knees

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when she stooped to look into a furnace. But the risks to women involved in turning them clean out of their jobs do not worry him at all. He told members of the Committee for Industrial Equality how he got every woman core-maker in a plant discharged by notifying the employer that union men would not use the cores they made. "Because they were made by non-union workers, or because they were made by women?" Mr. Valentine was asked. He replied, "Because they were made by *women.*" Running a wood-working machine in a furniture factory is highly unwomanly, to the mind of President Hutcheson, of the Carpenters' Union; but he was surprised that barbers should object to women in their trade. "Barbering,"—he said, "now, that's a nice, light trade for women. They can do that without losing their *feminity.*"

Secretary-Treasurer Fischer of the Barbers' Union was frank enough to say, "Immorality isn't the real reason for excluding women barbers." A molder, not a delegate, declared, "They can't get away with that bunk about work in foundries being too heavy for a woman. It's dirty, but women, like the men, have helpers to do the heavy work, like shovelling sand. Women are better than men at making small cores." This man was strong for the amendment for the reason that women were "running the union molders and core-makers out and breaking up the unions" in foundries in Massachusetts which he named. He said the rank and file wanted the women organized, but the officers were opposed. "These men here," he added, "don't represent the rank and file."

Perhaps it is because they have nothing at stake that when called on to act in accord with A. F. of L. declarations about "organizing all the workers," they are content to make a gesture of impotence. But it is encouraging that the rank and file are, as Miss Taylor says, "finding out their mistake."

The industrial equality amendment proved in a measure a touchstone to test the live elements in the convention. The numbers of delegates and delegations who readily pledged their support to it surprised the Industrial Equality Committee. Although only a small fraction of the delegates were interviewed, over 12,000 votes out of the 38,294 cast by the 523 voting delegates were pledged in favor of it. The women who worked for it hoped for a record vote, but the reporting of a substitute resolution and the impossibility of getting a roll-call at half-past five from a convention facing an evening session, prevented. The amendment made hundreds of men think and talk of women's relation to the labor movement. It brought speakers to its support, and there were more of these ready than time allowed to be heard. After its defeat, the Committee for Industrial Equality continued its propaganda and increased its membership. It has changed its name to the National Woman's Union and plans to secure the adoption of the same or an even stronger resolution at Cincinnati in 1922.

KATHARINE FISHER.

The Man Who Wanted to Help Himself

MY maid comes into my living room where I am at work, and says: "There's a man here who says he come about the water pipes—somthin' about the fassits. He says Mr. Matheson sent him."

Mr. Matheson is the superintendent of the apartment house, and those whom he sends are not to be disregarded. I stop my work, and go out to the door that leads from the back elevator.

There stands a little man, with round brown eyes, and too red checks, fictitiously plump. He is shorter than I am and looks up at me with that curiously unexpressive, unexpectant gaze that those who live on charity so soon acquire. He has a clean collar, a warm, though shabby overcoat. He is not quite clean, though, beyond the collar—that is evident.

In a quiet voice he begins to speak, and at the same time holds out something toward me—two little rubber faucet tips, a scrap of copper mesh in their open centres.

Then I recall him. He came some months ago, in my absence, and my maid, an African matron of tender sensibilities, heard his story, took seventy-five cents of the housekeeping money and purchased similar tips from him. They would keep the water from splashing, she said, and the man was sick. She used them about a week, and they clogged up and were discarded. I had not been particularly appreciative of the purchase, though I had said little, for she is a good maid and has served me long.

But the man is speaking:

"Mr. Matheson said a good many people in the house had inquired about getting more of these things—and as you got some the last time I was around I thought I'd come in to see you—maybe you was one that wanted some more." He holds the tips further toward me. They are worth, at the most, retail, ten cents each. I daresay he buys them in the five and ten cent store.

"No, I didn't ask for you. I don't need any

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more of the tips. I got two the last time." I try to make my voice detached, yet kindly.

"You see, lady, this is the only way I got to help myself. I had tuberculosis when I was here before, but thank God I'm cured of it now, but I got to have work that will take me out in the open air. So I help myself by selling these. I got a wife and two little children."

"I'm sorry,—but I don't really need them. I have the other two I bought before, you know."

"You could give these away to somebody, if you didn't need them yourself. It's the only way I got to help myself. They're only seventy-five cents." He does not budge. He is really very little, and that story about being cured of tuberculosis is plainly not true. Yet there is about him the persistence of the boldest beggar of Naples. One of the terrible meek, evidently. He makes me very uncomfortable, yet I do hate to be swindled, even in this petty way.

"I'm sorry," I reiterate, "I'd much rather give you the seventy-five cents, and let you keep the faucet tips. I don't need them."

He blinks his eyes, but does not change his expression. "Oh no, lady, my conscience wouldn't let me accept money. That would make me into a beggar. I'm not a beggar. I only want to help myself. I got a wife and two little children."

I reach back into some vague brain-cell, and gather the hint that in the eyes of the law he might become a beggar, and thus be liable to arrest if he accepts money, and that he knows this. I doubt his conscience—it is probably nothing more than the blue-coated cop on the corner, that fine big Irishman who would make three of this poor little wisp. There again—he *is* so little. He is so plainly ill. I feel distressed and mean. I am bigger than he is. I am well. But I know he is a fake, and I know he is a grafter, and I am sure he is a liar. I should like awfully to tell him about the ethics of persons like himself, but I know that I would only get a little more cant in answer, and possibly further mention of his wife and two little children. I can see those children. Little and brown-eyed, and plain and hungry. He looks hungry himself. My common sense reminds me that looking hungry is as much a part of his stock in trade as the rubber trash he holds out to me so firmly. But at last I make a stand.

"I'll buy them, then," I say, "and give them back to you, to sell to someone else."

"I wouldn't like for you to do that, lady," he protests,—not at all a genuine protest."That would be taking money for nothing, and that would make me out a beggar. I only want to help—" But I have gone for my purse.

I return, and take the faucet tips from him, and then put them back in his hands along with three silver quarters. "There," I say, "you said if I didn't want them I could give them to someone. I give them to you. You can do whatever you like with them." He does not protest now. But even as he pockets the loot and the money, and gets outside the door, his eyes, still unexpressive, still unexpectant, accuse me.

I go back to my work angry, humiliated, arguing the case mentally. Yes, he was a petty swindler,—but he was sick. Yes, he was a beggar, but he offered the decencies of barter to hide his beggary. And I,—healthy, solvent, comfortable, I had stripped off his rag of self-respect and sent him away without a touch of humanity. He only wanted to help himself—heaven knows I didn't help him.

The best I can hope is, that once out of my sight he chuckled to himself, and said: "That dame was sure *easy*!" It would soothe my own conscience a lot to be quite sure that he had none.

SOPHIE KERR.

The Plight of the Thinking Minister

THE average minister looks upon the pulpit as being both inspirational and educational. He is taught this in the theological school and he hears it in every place where several are gathered together having the real interest of the institution at heart. But he sees the great mass of the people out of sympathy with the Church. Naturally, he asks why. He hears the criticism that the Church is out of touch with the vital facts of life. But he doubts if this can be true. He knows that all authorities join in advising a consideration of these problems, so he feels confident that all ministers are dealing with these great questions, and are taking the trouble to post themselves on them, in order to talk intelligently. Why then, does the Church fail to appeal to the people? In searching for the answer, the minister decides to begin with himself.

He reads over his old sermons. What does he find there? For the most part, glittering generalities, an appeal to denominationalism, or talk about things that occurred in the time of Isaiah or the Exodus. A few times he has become really modern and talked about things that occurred as recently as the Dark Ages, and once he took a long dive into modernity and actually drew an illustration from the Civil War.

Seeing his own lack of contact with the vital

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issues, he begins to wonder if perhaps other ministers are not doing the same thing. He decides he must come into closer contact with the vital problems of life. So he reads up on the issues of the day. He reads of labor troubles and the public utterances of labor leaders, and he notes the bitterness towards the Church there displayed. "Why?" he asks. "Jesus was a working man. All his associates were drawn from the lower walks of life. Why should the workers, who compose the majority of the population, oppose the institution that bears the name of Christ?"

If our minister is really interested, and we are going to assume that he is, he attends a few labor meetings; he reads some labor publications. The thing that strikes him most forcibly is the tone of contempt prevalent for the Church, and the tone of respect for Jesus and his ideals. Now the minister goes back to his own work. He has learned his first lesson and he thinks he knows the solution.

He has learned that the Church is out of harmony with the present world, and that it does not view life and its problems as a whole, but it sees these problems only as they touch some future world. Yes, the minister has learned that the majority of men are not interested in the next world, but that they are interested in this world. They do not especially care about what the future world holds for them, but they do care about what the future in this world holds in store for themselves and their children. Of course, many ministers are certain the great mass of men is wrong in this attitude. The texts, "Take no thought for the morrow," "Be contented with your lot, for great is your reward in heaven," and similar ones, come to their minds as proof that the main work of the Church is to deal with the future life.

But if the minister is really interested, and as I said before, we are going to assume that he is, he is not satisfied with this, but takes up anew the study of the Scriptures, having in mind that the people are demanding practical ideals that can be applied to their concrete problems. He knows our present system is unchristian. Any system that allows millions to starve while a few roll in luxury is certainly unchristian. So, while our minister studies his Bible, he continues to preach general principles, and insist on individual morality.

Before he proceeds very far with this new study, he reads Micah: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more; but they shall sit every man under his fig tree and under his own grape vine, and none shall make them afraid." He finds that Isaiah uses practically the same words and adds: "They shall build houses and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit thereof. They shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat the fruit thereof." He sees that the main theme of the prophets was the great social injustices of their day. Then he reads the old Hebrew law, "Thou shalt not let thy money out at usury," and further he finds "usury" defined as one-half of one per cent. He pushes on in his study. He comes to the Gospel stories. He notes that the Master does not talk about what happened in the time of Micah and Isaiah, but centres his attention on the Eternal Now. True, at times, when urging his followers to bear persecutions, Jesus tells them they will be repaid in the Kingdom of Heaven. But the main portion of his attention is directed to the present. The Scribes and Pharisees kept the traditions intact and insisted on morality and fair dealing. But Jesus scathingly condemned these professional practitioners. He did away with the old law because it had lost touch with the vital problems of the day. He called to the prophets, "I desire mercy and not sacrifice," "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God?" So Jesus gave them new laws, not eye for eye, but mercy and forgiveness; not a stereotyped number of times to forgive, but "seven times in a day" (and "seven" to the ancient Jews was an indefinite number). Jesus strove to bring present-day practices into harmony with the highest expressed ideals.

Then the thinking minister sets aside his books and allows his mind to dwell on what he has learned; he tries to relate the ideas he has absorbed. He has professed to be a follower of this Man of Nazareth; he has been ordained to preach the ideals of the Master, to follow, as nearly as he can, in the footsteps of the Christ. And how has he done it?

By following the Scribes and Pharisees of old. By listening to the desires of the members of his congregation and preaching what they want, not what they ought to hear. By being careful not to offend, even though in order to avoid offending, he has had to sacrifice some of his highest ideals. He has become a modern Pharisee, preaching about things that occurred centuries ago and have no relation to everyday life. And in doing this, he finds he has pleased the majority, that they are willing to flock to his support, as the mob flocked to the support of the Pharisees of old, even to the extent of shouting "Crucify him" when they brought forth the radical innovator, Jesus.

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Having entered the ministry with ideals, he feels this cannot continue. What does he do? What can he do? He preaches a sermon, telling his people that the thing that is needed is to bring the ideals of Christ into touch with concrete problems. He is surprised at the response he receives. Compliments pour upon him! If he is young and naive, he thinks; "This is what I should have done all the time. The people are hungering for such talks, I will do this from now on." So next Sunday, he preaches about some great problem that is agitating the minds of men. He dissects it, and applies the acid test of the ideals of Christ to the real facts; then he asks which solution most nearly fulfills the Golden Rule. Then he gives the answer as he sees it. He is not dogmatic, he merely gives his idea and his reason for holding that idea. But he is wholly unprepared for the storm of abuse that follows. He does not know that he has talked Bolshevism, Socialism, I. W. W.'ism, and every other "ism" that is despised. Yet he is accused of all. After a few such trials, he learns that, to the popular mind, a man is a Bolshevist, an Anarchist, or any other "ist" that is despised, if he disagrees with the popular opinion. But our minister is not ready to give up. He thinks that possibly he put his point a little too crudely. So he tries again, being careful how he frames his statements. But the storm has grown in volume. He finds that at last there are men who are capable of drawing the line between freedom of speech and license, and he is appalled to learn that the line is always drawn just where criticism of that individual's opinion begins. Being young and naive, for a while he does not understand why men who are heirs to the traditions of Franklin, Jefferson and Lincoln should oppose the very things to which these men devoted their lives. He wonders how men can have become so narrow that they will persecute and lynch all who dare to utter the same thoughts which our American Fathers lived. And he has believed the world was going forward! What a bitter awakening!

So our minister has learned another lesson. Now he takes up the cudgel and says with Voltaire, "I wholly disagree with what you say, and will defend to the death your right to say it." He becomes a champion of freedom of speech as a defensive measure. Again, he finds the Bourbon element, which seems to be the majority of the Church element, solid in opposition. He was naive enough to think he was conservative in advocating privileges guaranteed by the Constitution, but he finds he is a "radical Red" for doing it. Yes, our minister is still learning.

Now the minister I am considering is not a man who looks for trouble, he is not a wild-eyed fanatic, with a bomb in one hand and a torch in the other; he is merely a sincere man who wants to do some real good for humanity, and who takes seriously the ideals of Christ. Thousands can be listed under this head when they enter the ministry, but alas, the longer they remain in the work, the fewer they become. Some young men start in the ministry with high ideals, but are not students. As ministers, they are thrown into contact with the so-called upper classes, and absorb that point of view. These men usually make a success in the ministry. Another sees that his job, his bread and butter, if you please, depends on his pleasing the people who pay his salary. He says, "These people hire me, I must do what they tell me." So he preaches only what is acceptable to the better paying members, he sells anew the Christ for "thirty pieces of silver." Still others enter the ministry with a real vision. Rebuffs will not deter them, persecution will not cause them to hesitate. They continue to struggle on, serving the cause of Christ as they see it. As a result, they are either forced out of the ministry, or stationed in some little country town where the people cannot help themselves. Usually they are forced out entirely, as the majority of the church people would rather close the church than to hear the truth about industrial problems.

And because the thinking men see the radical and progressive young ministers being forced out of the ministry, they are becoming disgusted with the Church and leaving it. The Church leaders are instituting their drives, and resorting to motion pictures in a frenzied effort to save the situation, but still the exodus continues. What is the answer? One thing is certain: all the material attractions in the world cannot save the Church. She must either consider the real problems of the world in the light of Jesus's ideals, hear all sides of the question, and be supported by all lovers of truth, even though they may hear some things with which they disagree, or the Church will die. In other words, the Church must get as much Christian tolerance as Voltaire had when he said, "I wholly disagree with what you say, and will defend to the death your right to say it." Church people may wholly disagree with some of the things they hear from the pulpit, but as long as those things are contained in the creed of the Church, they must defend the right of the minister to say them. If the Church will not do this, it can have nothing but a bought-and-paid for minister.

The minister is faced with a dilemma. He must either preach about the concrete problems of the world today, and in doing this he must receive the

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support of all lovers of truth; or he must take the safe-and-sane course, preach silly platitudes about what happened from one to six thousand years ago, or he must grasp the horns of the dilemma and leave the ministry. Which is it to be?

The answer lies with the progressive laymen, the workers themselves. Lack of support is forcing the progressive ministers out of the profession. Why should not the workers support the Church, then see that progressive men are called to supply their pulpits? Unless this is done, and done quickly, the great shell of the Church as an institution will collapse and the ideals of Christ will have to be scraped from the ruins.

LEWIS R. LOWRY.

Soviet Labor Organization

WHAT was a virtue under capitalism is a crime under proletarian dictatorship; what was oppression under capitalism is sound policy if used by the proletariat in power. This is Communist dogma. "All forms of state compulsion in a capitalistically organized society are a means of securing, widening and deepening the process of exploitation, while the same forms of state compulsion under proletarian dictatorship are a method of constructing a communist society. The functional contrast of formally similar phenomena is here entirely determined by the functional contrast of the systems of organization, by the contrast of their class orientation." Thus Bukharin, the theoretician of the revolution, formulates the dogma in his celebrated Economics of the Transition Period. The dogma applies also to the labor movement. Strikes, sabotage, refusal to work overtime are excellent methods of class struggle under capitalism; they are treason under proletarian rule. Strenuous work and increased productivity of labor demanded by a manufacturer or a corporation, are exploitation; the same in a country ruled by the workmen, are heroic deeds.

This would be sound reasoning in a country where class differences have entirely disappeared, where producer and consumer coincide. It may be applied also to Russia in so far as it has abolished private ownership of the means of production and transportation. Yet Russia is just emerging from the chaos of the fiercest class struggle in history; classes in Russia have not been effaced; the very period is characterized by its advocates as transitional. This accounts for a narrower or wider gulf between the aims of every Russian institution as conceived theoretically, and its character under given conditions.

The aims of the labor unions in Russia were thus officially defined for the Labor Union Week organized last February all through the country:

1. In capitalist society the labor unions organized the proletariat for economic struggle, in communist society they consolidate it for organized production.
2. The labor unions organized the proletariat for storming the stronghold of capitalism, now they organize it for economic communism.
3. To fight the manufacturers, the labor unions organized the workmen according to their crafts, now they organize them according to branches of industry, so as to make it possible for labor to manage industry in the interests of the workers.
4. The labor unions raise the cultural level of the proletariat and give it technical knowledge in order that it may be able to organize production.
5. The labor unions prepare Red proletarian engineers and technicians for the organization of production in the interests of labor.
6. The labor unions, by strengthening the ranks of organized labor, rehabilitate production.
7. The labor unions ought to make ready to take over production.
8. There is no place in the ranks of labor for slackers and profiteers who destroy production.
9. The labor unions are the foundation of our economic organization.
10. The Russian labor unions are the vanguards of the Red international movement. (Slogans for the Union Week issued by the All-Russian Central Council of Labor Unions in January, 1921.)

No mention is made of the fact that the labor unions ought to help improve the conditions of the workers. It is taken for granted that the workmen are best taken care of in a state which is ruled by labor. Yet this is not self-evident. The state of Russia is composed of workmen and peasants and state functionaries of all descriptions. The state of Russia has an army to feed and wars to fight. In its very effort to speed up production it may neglect the interests of the workers; it may neglect their present interests for the sake of their future welfare. Need may arise for the workers to make their voices heard as *consumers* demanding a larger share in the national produce. In fact, this never ceased to be the case after the October revolution. And this accounts for the dual character of the Russian labor unions—as representing the class interests of labor, and as state agencies organizing labor for better production.

Roughly speaking, these two functions are manifest in the shop or factory committees on the one hand and in the labor unions on the other, though both are supposed to do the same work and though at present the shop or factory committee is only the local nucleus of the union. The shop or factory committee is closest to the masses. It is elected at a general meeting of the employees of a factory, or at a general meeting of employees' delegates where the number of workers in the concern is too large. These meetings of employees or their delegates are a regular institution. They take place periodically, in most cases every week, and they give utterance to the sentiments and demands of labor. They also instruct the shop committees to act on behalf of labor. Strikes are forbidden at present, and there is no production for profit. Yet labor is sometimes very restless, and it chafes under the restrictions imposed on it by the unions and the state.

Historically, the shop committees grew up quite independently of the unions. They were formed immediately

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after the collapse of the monarchy, and their aim was a defensive-offensive battle against the nearest employer. They were the actual representatives of the shop, working out standards of wages and hours of labor, supervising the hire and discharge of workmen, and putting into effect workmen's control over the profits of the employers. In many cases they became instrumental in dispossessing the owners of the plants. It was through the shop committees that a large part of the social revolution was accomplished. In various centres, notably in Petrograd, the shop committees were organized into a city committee which tried to work out for them a uniform plan of action. It is fair to say, however, that they remained rather local in character and outlook, and fundamentally they still remain so except where the labor unions have taken possession of them and made them serve national ends.

The labor unions have a history which dates back to pre-revolutionary times. Starting with the strike wave of 1878-1879, and especially after the famous strike of 30,000 textile workers in 1896, secret labor associations were formed in industrial centres. They were usually doomed to extinction under prosecution, yet they sprang up again and again as a result of revolutionary propaganda. The abortive revolution of 1905-1906 brought about the formation of semi-legal unions which led a miserable existence. Only the revolution of February, 1917, gave full freedom to organize labor unions. A riotous process of organization began. If, prior to the revolution, the number of organized workers was hardly over a score of thousands, the June, 1917, labor conference counted representatives of nearly 1,500,000. Towards January, 1918, the number grew to over 2,600,000. Originally the unions were formed to secure better conditions of work, higher wages, and "workmen's control" over profits. Their weapon was supposed to be the strike. Yet its futility became manifest when the employers, forced by the general decay of the economic system under war conditions and unwilling to yield to labor's demands, began to close their shops. A monstrous lockout crippled what remained of Russian industries after three years of war. "The economic life of Russia has reached a stage of terrifying dilapidation," says a Menshevik resolution introduced to the shop committees' conference in June, 1917. "The country has come to a catastrophe which threatens the masses of the population with unemployment and poverty and makes every struggle of the working masses for an improvement of their conditions utterly ephemeral." The Mensheviki, consequently, urged the government to establish a drastic control over production, with the aid of the shop committees. This seemed to be the only way out of the crisis. The workmen took another course. They drove out the owners. According to the advocates of the present system, nationalization of industries on a large scale had become the only expedient to save what could be saved from the general collapse. It was the only way to increase production. In this work of salvage, the labor unions were the most active factor.

Henceforward they changed their tactics. Increased production became their end. "Organize for work" became their slogan. War conditions, food shortage, growing impoverishment of the country compelled them to stress the productivity side rather than the immediate improvement of the workingmen's lives. Sheer necessity made them a coercive agency serving the state by organizing labor. It is true that this may be of ultimate service to labor. Yet human beings cannot live very long on mere hope for the future. This is the cause of all the difficulties confronting the Russian unions at present.

Towards the beginning of 1921, the labor unions comprised all the industrial workers and all the state employees of Russia, six and a half to seven million in number, of whom from two and a half to three million were engaged in industry and transportation. Memberships in a labor union was compulsory for all employees of a nationalized concern. The number of unions was hardly more than twenty, and it kept on decreasing, as independent unions of related industries amalgamated. Thus, in February, 1921, the glassmakers' union amalgamated with the union of chemical workers. The Russian labor unions are industrial unions, i. e., all workers engaged in a certain industry, irrespective of their particular craft, are members of the union of that industry. A cabinet maker engaged in a steel plant is a member of the metal workers' union. When he moves to a railroad shop he becomes a member of the railway workers' union. Each union is nationally organized in a central committee elected at a national convention of delegates of its members. Province and county committees of each union are elected at province and county conferences. All local branches of the various unions are represented in county bureaus and provincial councils which are heading the union work in their respective territories. The system is headed by the All-Russian Council of Labor Unions. The organization is highly centralized. All decisions of a local branch may be annulled by the central committee of the union; all decisions of the All-Russian Council are obligatory for every union and every individual member. The lowest unit of a labor union is the shop committee, which is now incorporated in the general system of organized labor.

The activities of the unions are divided into the following branches:

A. "Tariffication." The All-Russian Council and the union central committees are the agencies establishing the standards of payment for labor. Since the end of 1918, it has been piece-payment. Since 1919, the wage has been paid in kind, money gradually losing its value and food supplies being monopolized by the state. Since December, 1919, the rations of the workers in essential industries have been "armored," i. e., secured against cutting in consequence of a general food shortage. As war needs became increasingly pressing, more and more categories of rations were armored, till the measure nearly lost its effect. Since October 23, 1920, bonuses in kind were introduced for entire establishments, groups of workers, or individual workers, to be given for extraordinary efforts. Bonuses in money form existed even before this time. Since January, 1921, special funds of commodities have been organized by the managing industrial committees to be used for rewarding "work particularly important, urgent and difficult, demanding unusual expenditure of energy and initiative," the reward not to exceed fifty per cent of the ordinary wage. Since May, 1921, the workers of each factory have received from one-half of one per cent to five per cent of the output of their establishments, to be exchanged through the cooperative organizations for goods that the workers may need. This is in accord with the new economic policy allowing free trade.

The establishment of the standards of payment is done with the consent of the Council of People's Commissárs (the Cabinet).

B. "Normalization." The establishment of the amount of work to be considered a unit (piece) is done by the shop committees according to rules laid down by the union central committees and the All-Russian Council. This work is still at its beginning. The standards vary widely

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in various industries, i. e., the same amount of labor is differently rewarded by different unions. The ideal is complete standardization of work under scientific management. For the present, however, the decree of the Council of People's Commissárs of March 23, 1920, admits as "normal" fifty per cent of the "technically possible under normal conditions," interpreted as pre-war conditions.

c. Distribution of goods. The food supplies for the workers' rations are *not* in the hands of the All-Russian Council, but in the hands of the commissariat of supplies. The distribution of the food is done, however, through the shop committees with the assistance of the unions. The supply of working clothes is entirely in the hands of the All-Russian Council, also extraordinary stocks of commodities which at times are allotted to the labor unions.

d. Labor discipline. An enormous propaganda is carried on by the unions in favor of increasing the productivity of labor. It is understood that where the daily food ration is seldom higher than seventy-five per cent of the normally needed nourishment, where annoying and disheartening stoppages are a frequent occurrence due to wornout mashinery and equipment, where diseases are raging among the workers, productivity of labor cannot be at its highest. Still, the efforts of the unions are directed towards increasing productivity within possible limits. The work of general enlightenment appears to be insufficient. General factory meetings also seem to be of little value. What is actually effective is a periodical gathering of the workers of each factory department, where the possible improvements are discussed, not vaguely, but as practical propositions. Comrades' courts for labor slackers are also useful. As a consequence, non-reporting for work fell from thirty to forty per cent in 1918 down to twenty per cent and less in 1920.

e. Education. Schools for technical instruction are being opened by the unions and the general work of education conducted. The miners' union counted in May, 1921, forty schools of mining, five schools for head miners, twenty electro-mechanical schools, one school for draftsmen and accountants, six short term courses for skilled workers, and twenty technical high schools.

f. Participation in management. Aside from participation in the appointment of all the individuals and boards who manage the nationalized industries, the unions have become more and more interested in the work of management itself. Some of them are actually cooperating with the managers. All of them discuss at their sessions the problems of their industries and the ways of improving the economic situation. Representatives of the management are always present at the union sessions, and vice versa.

g. Participation in government affairs. Although not an official branch of administration, the unions are represented in many governmental offices which decide on vital national problems. Mixed boards of union and government officials are a frequent phenomenon. As an illustration, the work of the central committee of the metal workers' union for the first month of 1921 may be quoted. The union participated in working out a program for the output of the metal industry in 1921. It worked out a schedule for distributing manufactured goods among its members. It singled out the plants where bonuses in kind were to be given. It reorganized the management of three groups of plants and a number of individual plants. It participated in the reorganization of the automobile industry. It discussed the question of concessions to foreign capital and worked out a definite program. It heard reports from the various boards and committees which manage the metal industry. Besides all this, it conducted the general work of organization and education.

It is evident that the Russian labor unions are a unique social formation combining the qualities of a private organization and a state agency. This form seemed to be best adapted to revolutionary conditions where rapid nationalization of industries and war emergencies required the combined effort of managing the industries, feeding the workers and organizing them for work. Like every Russian institution, the unions grew with elemental power and underwent numerous changes. On the whole, they have performed a needed task. Their very character, however, often hampers their work. The growth of the unions was too rapid. They could not assimilate all their members. On the other hand, membership being compulsory and the decisions of the unions being law, the rank and file often looks upon them not as their own representatives but as agencies of the administration. "We have nobody to defend our rights" is a complaint not uncommon among the plain workers. It may not be entirely true, since the unions understood clearly that the best way of increasing productivity is to improve the conditions of the workers' lives. In fact, the unions *were* instrumental in increasing the payment for labor. Yet even the official paper of the All-Russian Council admitted "the fact of a certain breach between the masses and the union organs." (Proffessionalnoye Dvizhenie, January 29, 1921.) The breach will be slowly mended from two sides: through higher standards of living and through the raising of the masses to a better understanding of their function as producers. With the admission of private enterprise, a new series of problems confronts the unions: protection of the workers against private employers, and adjustment between private and state employees. New causes of dissatisfaction are probable.

A heated discussion was on foot towards the end of 1920 concerning the rôle of the unions in the organization of industry. There were a number of Russian leaders who wished to see the dual system—industrial organization *and* labor organization—abolished and organized labor become the sole manager of the national economic system. Trotsky was the spokesman of this movement. He was defeated at the Communist convention, March, 1921, by Lenin, who would not undertake new experiments which might upset the sorely tried Russian economic system. Since private management is now legalized, the movement may not be of importance in the near future. MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

The Last Christian

An Appeal to the Public

In the name of your dead faith, I plead with you,
Because you once believed, you and your fathers,
In a Galilean madman's wanderings
And thought the world might be redeemed by them,
Be lenient to this only Christian left,
A solitary last old man, believing! . . .
I know that you have proved him in the wrong,
Him and his antique faith. I know that none
But certain fools believe, these days, in love,
Harmless fools mostly. And I know that Debs
Offends by being Christian and no fool . . .
You crucified the first. But O I beg,
Unjail this dreamer, let him go his way
To trouble highroads only a decade more,
Breathing an epitaph along the wind!

WITTER BYNNER.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Ulster Minority

SIR: The New Republic has in general been so well informed on the Irish question that it is little short of astounding to find it lending its authority to so obvious a fallacy as the claim that the Irish nation, in demanding self-determination for itself, must consistently therewith concede the right of secession to a part of that nation—the Ulster minority. It is hardly less astounding that the New Republic should treat of this minority as a unit in contra-distinction to the Irish nation.

In the editorial of your issue of July 13th, entitled, The Irish Negotiations, you say:

> "On the issue of self-determination for the pro-British minority in Ireland we do not know what the attitude of the Dail Eireann is. . . .
>
> The present Ulster unit is not fairly contrived but there is an Ulster unit that just as much revolts against Irish dominion as the Irish revolt against the British dominion. It would be impossible for the Dail Eireann to overbear this minority without weakening its whole moral position. . . .
>
> By raising the claim of this minority with the Sinn Fein, Mr. Smuts may hope to bring about a dominion on the British side, with Ulster specially safeguarded. Can the Dail Eireann yield on these terms? If not, it has open to it the heroic course of giving Ulster self-determination and insisting on a republic for itself. This heroic course, however, requires it to scrutinize very closely the difference between a full dominion with all Ireland in and a republic with Ulster out."

The fallacy that the principle of self-determination extends to a minority of a nation as distinguished from the nation itself, seems so obvious as to be almost self-evident. It must be evident that in any organized society, the right to self-determination must have its limitation. President Wilson, in his historic statement of the principle, limited its application to "well defined national aspirations," and it must, of necessity, be at once limited to a nation, and be co-extensive with the nation. It cannot be claimed either by a majority or a minority of a nation, as distinguished from the nation itself. It is true that, again of necessity, it must find its expression in the will of the majority, but when so expressed it becomes the will of the nation, and only as such derives its authority. There is no alternative between limiting the principle to a nation and extending it to the individual. By such limitation organized society is preserved; by such an extension it would be destroyed. It is clear there can be no intermediate course, and no better proof of the fact is to be found than in Ulster itself.

The term "Ulster" has come to be loosely used to embrace what is in reality a minority in Ulster. Ulster consists of nine counties. Five of these counties have always had heavy nationalist majorities. Of the remaining four, two are heavily unionist, and two have smaller unionist majorities. Even in these four unionist counties, however, the ratio of the nationalist minority to the unionist majority is greater than the ratio of the unionist minority in all Ireland to the nationalist majority. For instance, the West (Parliamentary) Division of Belfast is solidly nationalist, and the City of Londonderry, in the strongest unionist county, has a Sinn Fein municipal government. If the right of self-determination must in principle be extended to the minority of Ulster, as represented by these four counties, the same principle would require its extension to the nationalist minority in those four counties. This would result in an obvious absurdity, but an absurdity only a degree more obvious than that sponsored by your editorial, and absurdity is inevitable in any attempt to extend the right of self-determination to any unit less than a nation itself.

What has already been said demonstrates the other fallacy in which your editorial indulges, that is, the treatment of the Ulster minority as a unit. As has been seen, it is not even a unit in the four counties where it predominates. There are substantial nationalist minorities in those counties which, however, no more constitute a "unit", than does the unionist minority in Ulster itself. They are all Irish, and all merely political parts of the Irish nation. When, therefore, you speak of:

> "An Ulster unit that just as much revolts against Irish dominion as the Irish revolt against British dominion,"

you verge on the meaningless. Such "Ulster unit" as there is, is Irish, and in revolting against Irish dominion would be revolting against itself. It is in fact merely an Irish minority revolting against the dominion of the Irish majority, and entitled to no greater consideration than any other political minority in any scheme of representative government. The consideration which you demand for it, that unanimity instead of majority be necessary to the expression of the will of a nation, would make self-determination meaningless, and representative government impossible.

I trust, therefore, that the New Republic will see fit to repudiate these fallacies. They are the more dangerous because of the authority your reputation for fair-mindedness confers.

Washington, D. C. JOHN F. FINERTY.

Cunard and the Red Flag

SIR: At last, after many months of the noisy trip hammer and much blocking of the public way, the Cunard Steamship Company have cleared the pavement and opened their new building at 25 Broadway.

If you will enter at the centre doorway and walk through into the spacious rotunda which houses the general offices, you will notice in the four end panels of the walls huge maps of the four quarters of the globe. In order not to deface the artistic splendor of these charts with lettering, each country is designated by its coat-of-arms, or national emblem, done in splendid fashion in the centre of the national area.

Your admiration of these masterpieces of the map builder's art is without bounds until it suddenly comes up smack against the startling fact that Russia and Siberia are designated, not by one, but by four red flags. Considering the very close connection between the Cunard Steamship Company and the British government, might this not be taken as a technical recognition of the Russian Soviet government? Or is it merely a nautical recognition?

If you question one of the English gentlemen behind the marble rail, you will undoubtedly be informed that it was necessary to leave these spaces to be filled in with the proper emblem when Russia becomes "settled", and that they were made red to fit into the general color scheme. But you will walk away with the suspicion deep in your heart that the British gentleman is somehow harboring the hope that some day the Union Jack might properly be painted into the upper left hand corner of those red oblongs.

Should not Senator Lusk, Archibald Stevenson, et al., be immediately informed of this fresh outbreak of criminal anarchy? Or should we let the matter pass unnoticed for fear of being dubbed Sinn Fein?

New York City. CLARENCE C. BRINLEY.

A Protest Against Prize Fighting

SIR: I have long been a subscriber to the New Republic, have also paid for subscriptions for friends. I have had a high opinion of the publication, but I was surprised and disgusted to see in the issue of July 13th the report of the prize fight between Dempsey and Carpentier. This description of a brutal fight between two men is not what one would expect of a publication with the aims that I understand you have.

I should not care to continue my subscription if such articles are to appear in the New Republic. My first thought was that I had subscribed long enough, but after reading the good article by Toksvig I changed my mind, but I most emphatically protest against such a lowering of the tone and character of the New Republic.

Bristol Ferry, Rhode Island. SARAH J. EDDY.

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Sir Hugh Lane

Hugh Lane's Life and Achievement, by Lady Gregory. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

FEW people, comparatively, know the accomplishment of the late Hugh Lane. That he collected pictures, that he was a nephew of Lady Gregory's, that he was lost on the Lusitania—these scraps may be remembered from the newspapers, but little more. This book, however, gives enduring light and color to a nature at once tragic and superb, a career filled with a clear and yet sumptuous passion, a proud and determined will.

Hugh Lane's achievement can fairly be called romantic. It has in it an element of magicalness, the touch that turns clay to life. He began poor and powerless. In 1893 his mother (Lady Gregory's handsome and unhappy sister) was glad to see him start as a clerk in Colnaghi's gallery in Pall Mall, at a pound a week. In a few years, about five, he had taken a room for himself for dealing in pictures in Pall Mall Place. Within ten years he had not only proved himself to be an adventurous collector with an instinct for the right thing so quick that he could detect a Romney under layers of supposed Lawrence, but also and much more impressively a collector "two hands scattering and one hand saving." He could, it is evident, have made himself very rich. Dealers do. He could have devoted his discernment to aggrandizement. But his true passion was not to amass wealth for himself. It was to bestow. And with such fervor did he seek to establish a gallery of modern art for Ireland, with equal fervor did he enlist men to whom Ireland meant no more than the Hebrides. A man who gives, it is certain, enables others to give. Huge Lane swept the wills of others in the current of his own. Also, unfortunately, he bred that resistance which, as he was too impetuous at first to understand, must always be born when those who are winged try to take the wingless with them.

Lady Gregory's book is more than biography. It is more than a record of life and achievement. It is the recreation of a personality. Not having in hand the documents entrusted to another, she was obliged to dig into her own memories and emotions, to recall her mis-mated sister, the "patrician" boy in the art shop, the man who quarrelled with Orpen because Orpen spent too much on his hotels in Spain and yet bought statuettes for Orpen on the same tour out of his own parsimonies. This man would naturally be interesting to collectors, to Irishmen, to lovers of paintings: but in Lady Gregory's intimate and sensitive narrative Hugh Lane becomes a personality by himself, one delineated with wise and tender skill. He is not legendary. He is not piously conceived. He is a man riding off on his adventure, with the swing and style of living men.

She came to her work enamored of the subject. She believes that Hugh Lane made a noble use of his life, and stands with Hyde and A. E. and Yeats and Synge among "those who, in Lord Rosebery's fine words, 'form the pedigree of nations, and whose achievements are their country's title-deeds of honor.'" Instead, however, of embarrassing the reader, this warm appreciation of her nephew gives the reader the right values of her theme. For this is a story that depends for its understanding on the values one attaches to the visual manifestation of beauty, to the energy of will that makes the most of environment, and to the needs of nationality. As Lady Gregory helps one to see it, her nephew's use of his life had of itself the fitness and precision of art. He had "taste." As a collector he exercised that taste to acquire beautiful paintings, at first the paintings of the eighteenth century and earlier, and afterwards modern paintings. Then, having mastered the game of acquisition, he set about subordinating it to a fine end. The Franco-British Exhibition, the Johannesburg Picture Gallery, the Cape Town collection, all gave him his chance to collect to a fine end, but the finest, for him, was involved with his own country. He wanted the art student of Ireland to have a fountain of beauty within reach. He wanted to give Ireland an inspiring art gallery. And, embattled with authority on every side, he fought up and down for this purpose until, in one of the blind gestures of our brutalized imperial modern states, he came to his end with the Lusitania, aged thirty-nine.

One's first impression of him, supported by Sargent's portrait, is perhaps chilly. He seems to have dined a great deal with the titled aristocracy, to have rushed from Lord this to Lady that, to have pulled down drawing-room curtains he didn't like and to have urged pressing ladies to hang their chosen pictures—behind the coal-box. About him, at first, there is a trying imperiousness, and yet a keen worldliness. He moves in a sphere that even patronizes Renoir. But this picture of him as haunting great houses and (viceregal) courts, puzzled by unfashionable people, fades away with the development of the personality. W. B. Yeats first saw him as unsympathetic. "When he came down to dinner in the evening, a small rose in the buttonhole of his evening coat made him look overdressed. His smooth, handsome face, his movements, gave me no evidence of his intelligence." But "a few months later he seemed changed not only in mind, but in body. He had returned to his ambition of a great gallery in Dublin. The great houses where he had visited, the people he had met, were now but means to that end. . . . He had become exceedingly unworldly, contemptuous even of the old lures and perhaps less anxious to please, less agreeable."

He was, of course, misunderstood. It was hard for the governors of the National gallery to see in him one who "joined to the profession of a picture dealer the magnanimity of the Medici." He irritated the conservatives, aroused the suspicious and provoked the snobbish. But sensitive and feverish as he was, he was essentially an artist in life. He is recalled by Mr. J. B. Yeats—"that slight figure always wincing and shrinking to every chance and change and yet with such steadfast eyes. How well I remember his large dark eyes! . . . I think the mark of a superior mind is a certain lightmindedness, and this never abandoned him whether he talked of his friends or his foes." So one sees him at his first big auction, an unsuspecting accomplice of the sharpers. So one sees him nervously awaiting his guests for one of those triumphant London parties, or eating his bit of cake and two oranges instead of dinner on the evening he must raise £30,000. Lady Gregory collects a hundred evidences of his character and esprit, until he lives before one as brilliantly as she herself does in her portrait by Mancini. And one sees him not least in such undress bits as his note to Mr. Caroline, a fellow-dealer and good friend: "I am afraid there is no 'business' in this show, [Winter Exhibition of Old Masters in Dublin], it is simply 'la gloire.' I am trying to wake up these sleepy Irish painters to do great things, to get them a new R. A. building and a decent money grant. I also want to bring good pictures into the country rather than out of it. So that if you have any-

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thing good send it over. I gave up 'dealing' some time ago, and hope sooner or later to get some appointment which will be more congenial work. Have I missed much at Christie's? And have you picked up any Franz Hals lately?"

It was 1914, or ten years later, before Hugh Lane became director of the National Gallery of Ireland. To that gallery he gave sixty-two pictures, and today one may walk through its rooms and pick out the Romneys, the Hoppner, the Gainsboroughs, the El Greco, the Vecelli, the Piazzetta, the Goya, the Poussin, the Chardin, the van Dyck, the Rembrandt, which his glorious taste and courage procured for Dublin. The Municipal Art Gallery, still housed so precariously, with its Rodins and Sargents and Johns and Steers and Whistler and Hones and Orpens, is another wonderful treasury. And then there are the pictures now in the cellars of the London National Gallery which a degrading pettiness withholds from Ireland.

These were pictures, (Manet, Monet, Renoir, Degas, Corot, Courbet, de Chavannes, Daumier, and other French), which were withdrawn from Ireland after a long fight about a new municipal gallery but which were restored to Ireland by an undisputed codicil to his will. That codicil, however, was not actually witnessed in the form demanded by English law (contrasting with Scottish law), and the British government declines to enable the National Gallery in London to restore these paintings to Ireland.

This, it is patent, Lady Gregory feels with pained intensity. But it would be contrary to the serene and ennobling passion which this book commemorates if one ended on the note of human meanness. I turn therefore to her recollection of a Sinn Fein M. P.: "I asked if he had been writing much, and he said, 'Only when I am in prison.' He said he had been chained to de Valera as they were taken to the gaol. I told him my sympathies went a long way with his friends, 'but,' I said, 'such is the irony of Fate, I am praying for the health of Sir Edward Carson, because he is taking up the matter of the return of Hugh Lane's pictures to Ireland.' 'Then,' he said, 'we must all pray for his health; for I found when I was living in Paris the thing that seemed to interest the French in Ireland more than any other thing was the possession of those pictures by Dublin.'"

That, it seems to me, is good nationalism, to be noted by nationalism's critics. It can rise from politics and the fierce and grasping impulses of politics to the glowing fruit of life which depends so much for its splendor and flavor on the depth and richness of national community. The value of such community, as Lady Gregory shows, was never absent from Hugh Lane's soaring mind. He knew beauty. He wanted above everything to have his country share in it. Because his country was impoverished, he laid treasures at her feet. FRANCIS HACKETT.

The Industrial Nightmare

The New Society, by Walter Rathenau. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

"THIS is Hell"—such was the verdict of thoughtful and competent judges to whom Rathenau submitted the first part of his book, The New Society. Yet his book was only an analysis of the economic and social conditions bound to arise on the ruins of the present disintegrating capitalistic regime, on the premise, however, that the mentality, ethics and spiritual outlook remain as they are at present. His inevitable conclusion was that: "If the state of things I have forseseen is hell, then we have earned hell." We in America cannot fail to recognize that what seems to be a nightmare abroad is but a grim reality at home. We are far ahead of Europe in the process of mechanization of industries, while we have not as yet acquired the habits of industry and of respect for those who know what to do and how to do it. Therefore we have naturally developed the ills of the transition period before any other nation. Small wonder that leading American engineers have for years been experimenting with the remedies which Rathenau points out as essential for the development of a healthy new society.

In reading the following passages from his book, a student of our economic and social condition is amazed. Is this a forecast of the future of Germany or a picture of present-day America?

> . . . The root of the trouble lies in the condition of labor. It is an idle dream to imagine that out of that soulless subdivision of labor which governs our mechanical methods of production the old handicrafts can ever be developed again. . . . The terrible fact about the mechanization of industry is that productive work . . . is by it made hated and hateful. It degrades the industrious man, thrilling with energy, into a work-shy slacker—for what else does it mean that all social conflicts culminate in the demand for a shortening of the hours of work? (p. 109.)
>
> High-quality workmanship has suffered from defective schooling, youthful indiscipline and the loss of manual dexterity . . . Technical leadership is gone, and the deterioration in quality has reacted detrimentally on output . . . For all innovations, all work of superior quality . . . . [we depend] on the foreigner. The atmosphere of technique has vanished, and the stamp of cheap hireling labor is on the whole output of the country." (p. 54.)
>
> All things of common use are standardized into typical forms. The taste of the artist will clash with that of the crowd . . . The compromise, however, consists in cheap imitation of foreign models . . . Cheapness and ease of manufacture are the principles aimed at . . . fashions still prevail and are satisfied with things that do not last, but can constantly be changed.
>
> Apart from certain perfunctory garden-cities, which perhaps will never be finished . . . we have to content ourselves with new subdivisions and exploitations of the old buildings; (p. 61).
>
> The general tone . . . is . . . passionately hostile to all superiority. . . . A world-trade, even of modest dimensions can only be carried on upon the basis of high technical accomplishment, but this height of accomplishment cannot be attained on the basis of any penny-wise economy. (p. 32.)

Here is a striking similarity to our industrial situation with its monotony of mass-production, low production, poor quality of workmanship, standardized fashions and artificially created wants, low state of technical leadership, housing crisis, mercenary motives, hostility to any superiority, unrealized dreams of foreign trade . . . Yet, this craving for wealth, personal adornment, adoration of titled names, and desire to "show off", rule personal conduct only so long as the phantoms of the old civilization still haunt the people. Thus haunted they strive for new clothes, jewelry, high-priced cars and out-of-town villas not for the joy they get out of them but primarily as a means of advertis-

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ing their business ability to get things above the average. They assume that such demonstration will assist them in getting further profitable employment, large contracts, wealthy wives etc. Take away the lure, omnipresent in the present economic regime, of *getting something for nothing,* and we may genuinely enjoy the comfort of old shoes and of unpretentious houses and scoff at gold bath-tubs and the feathers of birds of paradise. In the new society, it will become fashionable to surpass one another in *rendering service* and not in *extracting service* from others.

Rathenau disillusions those who believe that the new society, if it were based on old traditions could get rid of the poor and of poverty. All that could be expected under the conditions is that no one could have an income without working for it, and that the present proletarian conditions of servitude would be abolished, together with the two-fold stratification of society. "How could there be poor people if there were none who were rich?" To this query, Rathenau gives an unequivocal answer: "In the land where no one is rich there will be *only* poor, only very poor people." "He who knows it and conceals it is a deceiver," says Rathenau, but "he who knows it and in spite of that, nay, on account of that, is a Socialist, is a man of the future." How to make the conditions better is, therefore, the only question that matters.

Now, the problem of what to do and how to do it is not only decidedly an engineering task, but at the present stage of our development of technique, in view of the enormous complication of productive processes (not so much on their chemical and mechanical side but primarily from the managerial aspects of organization and planning), the solution requires the greatest ingenuity and expertness. To avoid the impending poverty on the threshhold of the new society, an enormous number of trained technicians and industrial administrators are needed. "The administrative side of our future economic and national life demands the creation of so many posts of intellectual work that at present there is not the trained personnel to fill it," observes Rathenau—and this is even more true in America than in Germany.

Here is the crucial point and in it Rathenau foresees many difficulties. There is, first of all, the possible objection to distinction between leaders and led. "Distinction in culture is a kind of aristocracy." Yet otherwise we should face an ugly alternative: either the capable man will himself be downtrodden or the loudest mouth will rule, with inevitably disastrous results. We never *elect* surgeons to operate on our children by popular vote nor do we choose them because they are poor—we *select* them on account of their demonstrated ability and their expertness, and this settles the matter. The second anticipated difficulty is that the manual workers and brain workers will not live in peace; in order to establish mutual respect Rathenau proposes an interchange of occupations; then, "many a one, who now thinks that mental work is mere chattering, will learn through his novitiate at the desk, that thinking hurts. If he does not feel himself equal to this kneading and rummaging of the brain, he will go back with relief to his workshop; he will neither envy nor despise those who are operative workers with the brain, and will understand, or at least unconsciously feel, the opposition in human nature and the differences in conditions of life, and will know them to be just." (p. 124.)

A third difficulty concerns the rates of compensation for the various grades of service rendered. In dealing with this difficulty Rathenau adopts my principle of two-rate wages, first announced at the convention of N. A. S. E. in Huntingdon, West Virginia, in 1919.* He admits that "starting from the subsistence minimum it must, for intellectual work, be graded two stages upward, one for output and one for the grade of culture implied." (p. 120.)

Mechanistic, automatic and monotonous mass production Rathenau sees as the centre of many grave ills of the present industrial regime, leading to "soldiering," "ca-canny," limitation of output, lowering the quality and finally to "drink, cards, agitation, the cinemas, and dissipation" which alone "can flog up the mishandled nerves and muscles until they wilt again under the next day's toil." (p. 111.)

Rathenau tardily arrives at the same conclusions as American engineers, such as Gantt, Steinmetz, Wolf, myself and others, have demonstrated and practised for many years. The remedy obviously is that of *making work fascinating,* and in order to put the fascinating element into otherwise deadening labor, the *human* work must be measured not in *horse*-power but in human dimension—which means liberation of human creative (time-binding) capacity through the converting or supplementing of manual labor by intelligent supervision of processes and the recording and studying of connections between causes and effects. In Rathenau's own words, "the advance of technical invention will make it possible in the end to transform all mechanical work into supervision," yet this end is not only far off but in itself does not offer the solution. To gain what is needed to transform Hell into a habitable Earth and to make it "a better place to live in" as our war posters announced, we must, as Rathenau whispers, introduce "spirit" and "culture"—the highest realizations of human worth of living. "The object of this principle," says Rathenau, "is *to bring mind into labor.*"

"But mentality and spirit cannot be bought—only labor and dexterity. Then gradually men will come to understand that the highest things are not marketable commodities, they are only *given* away." Then and only then can "A Peace of God" be proclaimed, "not as between the Haves and Have-nots, not between the proletariat and capitalists and between the so-called cultured classes and the uncultured, but between those who are ready for a mutual exchange of experience, a give-and-take of their tradition on both sides." "This, however," he adds, "is only practicable if the class war, as an end in itself, is put a stop to." (p. 105.)

Rathenau concludes his remarkable book by this significant statement: "The goal of the world revolution upon which we have now entered, means in its material aspect the melting of all strata of society into one. In its transcendental aspect it means redemption: redemption of the lower strata to freedom and to the spirit." Yet no one can redeem himself and it is primarily the duty of technicians to engineer this world redemption; it is the ultimate command for a liberation of the human time-binding capacity, which has accumulated through ages of division between *labor* and *leisure,* a wealth of knowledge which, though created by all of the living and by-gone generations has been withheld from service to the common weal. While we must start with material production, "Production, thought-out and penetrated with spirit, on the part of a highly developed society and combined with labor fellow-

* Also see Mastering Power Production, by the writer.

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ship is more than valuable production or cheap production; it is something exemplary and essential. And this applies not only to production itself but to the methods of production, to the technique, the schooling, the organization, the manner of thinking." (p. 146.)

The lesson of the Russian experiment, brought to a crisis by shortage of technicians and sabotage by the intellectuals, must be for any country the strongest stimulus to unite the productive and creative forces—workers by hand and by brain—upon a constructive program animated with the human spirit to *give* and *serve* instead of the animal craving to *take* and *hold*.

WALTER N. POLAKOV.

Meadows Taylor

The Story of My Life, by Colonel Philip Meadows Taylor. New York: Oxford University Press.

COLONAL MEADOWS TAYLOR has been called the last of the adventurers. All his life he breathed the air of romance, from those days a century ago when, a boy of sixteen, he was articled to a merchant of Bombay, through all his long life in India, his service in the army of the Nizam of Hyderabad, his thirty odd years at Ahmadnagar, Berar, Naldrug and in many another strange-named province as soldier, peace-maker, administrator, "protector of the poor." If Taylor did not wonder much at what England was doing in India, if he accepted the Mutiny as a rebellion pure and simple, he had a deep sympathy and understanding for the natives, he knew their ways and languages, he was fascinated by their story and their mystery, and made these things a part of himself.

It was this identification of himself with the people and the country, so that at times he almost seemed to see the world through Indian eyes, that gave its particular fascination to whatever he wrote of India. The Confessions of a Thug is a better example than the Life. Here is the story of that awful secret confederacy of highwaymen, killing whole caravans of travellers, not alone for plunder but also out of fanatical devotion to Bhowanee, the goddess of strangulation. Told without ingenuity, or intricacy, or any great variation in the pitiless succession of murders, with no very sharp eye for the shapes and colors of Indian men and things, it was yet a strangely fascinating book. Where in others foreign words, foreign phrases are so often irritating, Taylor had the art—though indeed it came quite naturally to him—of using them as keys to unlock some dream world of romance all the more charming for not being clearly seen.

While the Story of My Life rambles along a little garrulously, recalling, in amazing detail, events, places, names by no means important to us now, it has some of the fascination of the Confessions of a Thug. Here again is the excitement, the stir of India, but here again it is almost hidden behind a screen. For Taylor's talent was much less to describe things than to tell stories about them. His style, if rarely crystal, was in the Confessions of a Thug clear and direct as cut-glass, while in the Life it has too often the mere limpidity of water. And though his age is stamped on many of his pages—it was written when he was well over sixty—it reveals a mind at once stalwart, naive, incurious, untroubled, but profoundly sensitive to the beauty and mystery of the East.

R. L.

Bertrand Russell on Bolshevism

Bolshevism: Theory and Practise, by Bertrand Russell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

IT might have been anticipated that Bertrand Russell would experience toward the Russian Revolution the same unfavorable reaction which he experienced toward the war. For war and revolution have many common psychological factors. Both are products of faith, rather than of reason. Both ruthlessly subordinate the individual to the mass. Both engender demagogy, intolerance, fanaticism, suppression of hostile criticism,—all the things which are most repugnant to such a sensitive, logical and sceptical intellect as Mr. Russell's.

And so, while Mr. Russell tries very hard to be scrupulously fair to the Bolsheviki, his intellectual bias against them is sometimes hard to overcome. The general tendency of his conclusions may be inferred from the fact that Mr. Lloyd George enthusiastically recommended them to the attention of every man and woman. It is safe to say that the British Premier did not make any similar pronouncement about the observations of Ransome, Wells or Brailsford.

Of course Mr. Russell towers above the semi-illiterate journalists who have written so many books of stupid and unimaginative propaganda about Soviet Russia. He has no picturesque stories about the secret prisons of the Extraordinary Commission, manned by legions of Chinese executioners. He repudiates the more vulgar calumnies against the Soviet leaders: He admits that the majority of the Russian Communists are courageous, hardworking and sincere, submitting voluntarily to the sternest discipline and undertaking the most difficult and dangerous tasks. His assertions about the violent and undemocratic character of the present Russian regime, where absolute power is concentrated in the hands of approximately 600,000 Communists, are also founded upon fact.

His unconscious injustice to the Soviet regime reveals itself rather in what he does not say, and in some of the conclusions which he draws from his statements. He scarcely mentions the preferential feeding of children and expectant mothers, the transformation of palaces into hospitals and summer colonies for children, the truly heroic efforts to stop the spread of epidemics despite the blockade which prevented the importation of drugs and surgical instruments,—all the vast program of social relief which has been carried on by the Soviet government and which has done much to reconcile outside observers to its harsher and more oppressive features. He gives the Bolsheviki no credit for abolishing the evils of large scale landownership and for making a bold, if premature effort to introduce the principle of collectivism into industrial life. Certainly no impartial historian of the French Revolution, however much he might abhor the Jacobins and their misdeeds, would fail to give them credit for sweeping away the abuses of the feudal system.

In his discussion of Bolshevik theory Mr. Russell expresses his faith in communism as an ideal, but repudiates the rough and violent methods by which the Russians have sought to put the ideal into practice. He outlines a series of gentle and peaceful measures, by which the working class may emancipate itself from capitalist domination without the risks and sufferings entailed by the Russian experiment. Unfortunately history shows pretty conclusively that fundamental alterations of existing property rights can seldom, if ever, be accomplished without resort

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to bloodshed. The supplanting of the aristocracy by the middle class as the dominant power in France, the abolition of Negro slavery in America were comparatively minor social changes, compared with Mr. Russell's prospective transition from capitalism to communism. Yet both involved years of stubborn fighting. It certainly requires an optimistic conception of human nature to believe that the beneficiaries of the present system of production and property distribution will give up their privileged position without a struggle.

There is one conclusion in Mr. Russell's book with which all impartial and humane observers of the Russian situation, regardless of political differences, may agree. "I have no doubt whatever," he says, "that the sole cure for the evils from which Russia is suffering is peace and trade." And peace and trade are just the things which the Soviet government has been long, and vainly, seeking from America. W. H. C.

Selected Current Books

The Analysis of Mind, by Bertrand Russell. Macmillan.
Lectures on feeling, desire, memory, habit, etc., combining the lessons of behaviorists in regard to matter with the lessons of physicists in regard to mind.

Modern American Poetry, by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt.
"A guide to the best new poetry of America," revised and enlarged. Includes ninety-eight of our best poets.

Industrial Government, by members of the Department of Economics, Wisconsin. Macmillan.
A report on the present labor situation, based on an investigation from Wisconsin to Maine, 1919.

The Labor Problem and the Social Catholic Movement in France, by Parker Thomas Moon. Macmillan.
An exhaustive study by the assistant professor of history in Columbia University.

Dogtown Common, by Percy Mackaye. Macmillan.
A long poem "set in the bygone Puritan community of a deserted village."

Models of Speech Composition, ninety-five complete speeches, compiled by James Milton O'Neill. Century.
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Contributors

JOHN W. OWENS for a number of years has been political reporter on the staff of the Baltimore Sun. Since the election he has been connected with the Sun's Washington Bureau.

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SOPHIE KERR has been managing editor of the Woman's Home Companion. She is a contributor of short stories to Harper's, the Century and other magazines.

REV. LEWIS R. LOWRY is pastor of the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist) at Nunda, New York.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN, a Russian writer who came to America a few years ago, has recently returned from a six months' visit to Russia. He is the author of The Soul of the Russian Revolution and A Guide to Russian Literature (1820-1917).

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